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A HUNTER'S STORY.

Twenty years ago, before the disappearance of the buffalo, and before the power of the fighting tribes of Indians was broken, a white man could get almost any sort of adventure west of Omaha at a very early hour in the morning.

The Blue Mountain country of Oregon, in which rise two of the branches of the Columbia River, was once a hunter's paradise, and it was there the cinnamon and grizzly bears grew the largest and were always aching for a row with some one. The first few white men in there after pelts chanced so many perils that it was almost a miracle if any of them got out alive. The Indians were numerous and watchful, bears and panthers as thick as mice in a farm house, and an adventure of some sort was sure to occur daily.

I had been in a bit of cove or valley on the eastern side of the mountains for ten or twelve days before I got anything like a scare.

It was within forty miles of the south line of Washington Territory, and the country for a hundred miles around me was in the same savage state as when Columbus discovered the continent. The Indians were further east, on the Snake River, or further west, on the Columbia and its branches, and only detached parties were to be feared.

While this was a great burden off my mind, the bears and panthers were so numerous that I was in a state of constant alarm through the day, and dared not shut both eyes to sleep at night.

I had a pack and a riding mule, and on the first night of my arrival, while I had a bright fire burning, and the animals were tethered within a stone's throw, a panther sprang upon old Bob, my riding mule, and clawed him in a terrible way before I could get near enough to settle him with a bullet. Three or four bears prowled around my camp all night, and the screams of a panther kept my eyes wide open until daybreak.

However, after I had thinned out the colony by a dozen or fifteen, the varmints began to give me a rest.

On the tenth or eleventh day of my stay I left camp at an early hour in the morning loaded for bear. I followed the valley up for half a mile, and then turned into a ravine which was the bed of a creek during the melting of the snows.

It ascended very gradually, and I had been following it for half an hour when it took a sharp bend to the right. At this point there was a hole in the right-hand cliff, and as I halted to look at it I wondered if it was not the home of some savage beast.

I had moved on about five hundred feet when a grizzly, which had been lying down among the broken rocks, suddenly rose before me. I was looking for his kind, but his appearance was so sudden and he showed fight so quickly, that my heart was beating altogether too fast as I pulled up for a shot. It had to be a snap shot, for not more than thirty feet separated us. Mine was a single-barrelled rifle, and I also had a knife and revolver.

The bullet struck bruin in the left shoulder, and he spun around a dozen times like a top. I was reloading when he got ready to form a closer acquaintance. He had worked up the ravine and I had worked down, and we were now a hundred feet apart. I knew I could not finish loading before he reached me, and there was no other way but to run for it and hope that he was too seriously wounded to overtake me.

In those days I could run like a horse, and I was accustomed to all sorts of ground, but I hadn't made ten jumps on this occasion before my foot slipped on a stone and I went down with a crash.

Old grizzly was within twenty feet of me when I got up, and I pitched my rifle into his face as I took a new start. The roar he uttered lifted me a foot high, and I made a dozen extraordinary leaps, but it wasn't a minute before I realized that he was holding his ground, if not gaining a little. No man can guess how far a wounded and enraged beast will pursue him.

I believe I could have kept clear of this bear down to the mouth of the ravine, but if he pursued me far enough he would be certain to overtake me. I made up my mind as I ran that I would try the hole in the cliff. It was large enough for me to enter, and might be large enough for the bear, but once inside I could turn and use my revolver.

Old grizzly was hardly more than a rod behind me when I plumbed into the hole, and scrambled ahead on hands and knees. After going in about ten feet the hole turned to the left and narrowed considerably, and seven or eight feet further on I came to the end.

As I did so my hand encountered something soft and furry, and there was a hiss and a spit that told me that a kitten panther was present. I felt all around me in the black darkness, but the kitten was the only living object. He was a little fellow not more than four or six weeks old, but ready to bite and scratch if my fingers touched him.

The grizzly did not follow at once into the cave. It was five minutes before I heard him working his way in, and by this time I had recovered my breath and nerve. I was certain he could not reach me within six feet, and was rather glad to hear him wheezing and snorting as he pulled himself along.

By and by I saw his eyes shine. He could come no further. His claws dug at the rocks and his roars of rage deafened me, but I was safe.

It was now my turn, and I gave him two shots from the revolver which caused him to redouble his roars of rage.

For about ten minutes I felt very queer over the situation, but all of a sudden it struck me that I had gained nothing by the change. In place of being a fugitive I was a prisoner. The bear showed no disposition to retreat, and I now became aware of the fact that the cave had a rank smell and that the body of the bear prevented the fresh air from entering.

I felt that I must drive him out, and I did a very foolish thing. I edged nearer to him and put four bullets into his head, and after a long-drawn moan he closed his eyes and died.

I congratulated myself for a moment, but then it dawned upon me that I had choked up the passage to liberty with the carcass of a bear weighing at least 600 pounds. I thought I might be able to push it before me, but when I made the attempt I could not stir it an inch. I had done an idiotic thing, and there was no way to repair the error.

I was wondering how I should get out of it, when I heard the scream of another animal at the entrance of the cave, and in a moment more realized that the mother of the cub panther had arrived. It was well for me that the body of the bear blocked the entrance.

The panther went wild with fury when her kitten began to call. She bit and clawed at the bear, and by a great effort pulled it back a few inches. Had not the space been so contracted she could probably have drawn it out, but she did not have a fair show to use her strength. Her eyes looked at me over the body of the bear, and if one ever saw fury it was in those orbs.

I gave her a couple of shots, hoping to drive her off. I think I wounded her in the head, for she set up a terrible screaming and ran out, but in two or three minutes she was back again with more fury than ever.

I now pushed her kitten forward, hoping she would be appeased at its restoration. It climbed over the bear and reached her, and she took it in her mouth and backed out.

I was a pleased man over this result, for the cave was as hot as an oven, smelled powerfully smart of panthers, and the powder smoke almost stifled me. Being a bit rattled had brought on an intense thirst, and I felt that I had got to do something pretty soon or suffocate.

Pretty soon I crept forward, and began pushing at the great carcass, but had not been engaged over two or three minutes when the panther returned. She had carried her kitten to a place of safety, and was now bent on revenge.

She realized that the carcass must be got out of the way before she could come at me, and had I not seized the grizzly by the ears and hung on she would have pulled the body out of the cave. She hung to it for half an hour before she quit the job, and then she retired in a way which left no doubt that she would watch at the entrance.

When the panther had gone I struck a match and looked at my watch. It was nearly noon, and I was really suffering for water. There was a damp spot on the rocks over my head, and I licked it with my tongue and in that way got some relief, but I would have traded my whole outfit that day for one glass of cool water. I felt that I was in a bad box, and as is generally the case in such instances, I thought of every way out of it, but the easiest one.

I reloaded my revolver, and planned to wait until the panther would leave the neighborhood, but about 2 o'clock I suspected from the movements in the tunnel, that the one I had encountered had hunted up her mate and brought him to the front. Such soon proved to be the fact, but as only one could enter the place at a time, it was no advantage to them. They took turns tugging at the carcass of the bear, and the new comer would have dragged it out in short order but for my interference.

There was a space of about six inches between the body and the roof of the tunnel, and, though the fumes of the powder almost choked me, I shoved my revolver along until close to the panther, and then put two bullets into him. He let go his hold and then backed out, and the way he did rave up and down that ravine made my hair stand.

I had wounded both, and neither of them ventured into the place again. For about an hour I heard them growling and snarling outside, and every click of their claws on the rocks was plainly audible, but by and by they gave it up as a bad job and went away.

It was now close to 3 o'clock, and I went at the carcass with the determination to push it before me. It was too late; the limbs had stiffened like sticks, and the feet caught at every inequality and resisted my efforts. There I was, a man of 30, a giant in strength, a born hunter and Indian fighter, penned up like a rat and just as helpless.

It came to me, even with all that meat before me, that I was doomed to die of hunger, and it was only as the sun had almost been lost sight of outside that common sense returned to my aid. The way to rid myself of that carcass was to cut it up. It ought to have occurred to me at the very outset, but the race and close pursuit had upset me.

I had a stout hunting knife, and I had just begun work on the bear when I heard the voices of Indians outside. I also heard them inside, for one of the fellows crept into the tunnel a few feet and shouted in his own language to his friends outside:

"It smells very strong of bear in here, but the beast doesn't seem to be at home."

He backed out after flinging several missiles at the rear of the cave, and from the voices and movements I was satisfied that it was a hunting party numbering eight or ten persons. They sat down right there for the night and built a camp fire, which reflected right into the mouth of the tunnel, and kept their chatter a-going until nearly midnight.

They had three or four dogs with them, and the miserable curs took turns at sticking their heads into the opening and trying to raise an alarm. One of the Indians encouraged his dog to enter, and the animal came almost to the dead bear, and raised such a fuss that had the red men been the least suspicious they would have investigated. I did not get a wink of sleep that long night, and was a thankful man to hear the Indians move off in the morning about sunrise.

They had no sooner departed than I fell to work upon the bear, and in the course of half an hour had cut him up so that I could squeeze out.

As the Indians had gone down the ravine from the mountain I expected that they would discover my camp and lie in ambush for me. There was also a likelihood that the wild beasts had killed both mules during the night.

Luck was with me, however. The Indians crossed the valley too high up to discover my camp, and I found the mules safe and sound.

That afternoon, as I was looking after some traps set on a creek about a mile from camp, I found a panther dead in a thicket. He was an enormous fellow and had two bullet wounds, and it did not need much cogitating to convince me that he was the male of the pair which sought to get at me in the cave.

One of the bullets had gone square into his head, and almost any other animal would have died at once, but he had not only survived it for two or three hours, but had traveled a long five miles from the cave.

The Things That will Pay.

We might imagine a man looking over his final accounts and reading there of thousands expended in building blocks and dwellings, and nothing devoted to the everlasting habitations which only the blessed shall enter. We might imagine a man spending his millions for railways, steamships, manufacturies, merchandise and mines, all of which would be left behind; while perhaps among the accounts we might discern the record of a single penny that had been used in sending forth a tract which has saved a soul; a sixpence spent in encouraging and instructing a little child, who growing to manhood had electrified the world with his works, and won many souls into the kingdom of God; or a shilling spent in feeding a hungry soul, and saving a useful life. How easy it would be to see in the light of the great beyond, that a penny thus expended might be more fruitful of blessing, satisfaction and reward, than millions expended in the luxury, the business, or the merchandise of this world.

The things that will pay are the things done for God.

Too Many Weddings.

Bishop Whitaker has deposed from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at his request, Rev. J. J. Sleeper, who has been marrying so many couples in Camden, N. J.

AN UNDERTAKER'S TALE

Perhaps I am more sensitive to the horrible than most of my fellow men—am, in fact, more easily wrought upon. At all events I have fancied that at times, when I have been telling this experience of mine, I could detect certain indications that some of my hearers were of that opinion; but I have not yet so far failed in charity as to wish any of these scoffers put to a similar test.

I had run over to Paris, had spent a couple of weeks in that bright city, and was on my way home again. I took a night train from Dover to London, and in the compartment which I occupied there was but one other passenger—a sharp, intelligent-looking man, with a very grave face.

We got into conversation after travelling more than half the distance in that silence which is invariably adopted by Englishmen when they meet. After discussing general subjects, a remark of my companion's led me to say that he seemed to have had a very wide experience, and among nearly all classes of society.

"Yes," he answered slowly, and with a marked hesitation. "Yes, I am an undertaker. I have had a good deal of experience, and I have had my share, I think, of remarkable adventures. I never take this ride from Dover to London without a very painful recollection of one such."

We had still nearly a half-hour's ride before us, and his manner, as much as his words, roused my interest.

"Do you care to tell it?" I asked.

A quick, involuntary shudder gave to his voice a slight tremor, as he answered, "I wish I could keep from thinking of it, but I might as well tell it as to sit here quaking in silence over the awful memory of it."

He paused a moment, drew a long shuddering breath, and then he began:

"A little over a year ago what I am about to relate happened to me. I had established a very good business, chiefly among the upper class of tradespeople—though, of course, I did not decline any call upon me that promised a reasonable profit.

"I received one day a telegraphic dispatch from Paris, asking me to take charge of a dead body that was to be sent from Paris to London for burial. I was to meet it at Dover on the arrival of the night boat from Calais, and make all the arrangements for its further transportation by rail, and I was referred to a well-known banker as security for my expenses.

"This looked like good business, so I lost no time in getting the necessary permits and went to Dover in the evening. I had some details to attend to there in order that everything might be in readiness and no time lost after the boat arrived. Then I had nothing to do but wait. I sat up reading to keep myself awake.

"It was a beautiful, still night, in the late fall, with an almost full moon, I remember, and the boat got in in time. I received the box containing the body, and saw it placed in one of the luggage-vans of the train, and in due course arrived with it at Victoria station.

"One of my wagons was there, waiting to take the body to my place, where I was instructed to keep it until the next morning, when the proper parties would call to make arrangements about the burial.

"So far, of course, there was nothing specially remarkable about the affair. It is a little unusual in such cases not to find some one connected with the deceased accompany the body; but I hardly gave that matter a second thought. I had no doubt but that the right persons would appear later in the day.

"When I got to my shop, it still lacked two hours of daylight, and, as I felt no slight responsibility, I didn't think of going home, but made myself as comfortable as possible in my office for the rest of the night.

"You must bear in mind that all the sleep I had secured was a broken, uneasy slumber on the journey from Dover to London, and when I went to sleep in my chair, after stirring the fire into a blaze, I slept very soundly—very soundly, that is, for awhile, for it was still dark when I woke up in a sudden and startling way.

"Have you ever wondered," the undertaker asked, turning his eyes full upon mine for the first time since he had begun his story, "what mysterious influence that is which makes you feel another presence in the same room as yourself, though you hear no one and see no one? It's a queer feeling any time, but I don't know of any occasion when it can seem morequeer and awful than when it comes to a man locked up in the dead of night with nothing but black plumes and graveclothes and palls and coffins about him."

He turned his eyes to the door again, and a cold tremor crept through my own flesh in the brief and ominous pause he made before he went on in a lower voice:

"That was the feeling I had when I suddenly woke from sound sleep to full consciousness with a chilling shudder of horror.

"I was sitting before the fire-lace, with my back to the door that led from the office to the shop. I had purposely left the door ajar. The fire had died down to a dull glow, and it seemed to me that a breath from the Arctic zone had penetrated the room. I cannot describe the kind of cold it was. My very bones seemed to be ice. And then I felt that presence.

The undertaker seemed terribly affected, even now, by his recollections of that night. It was impossible to resist the infection, and my own flesh was creeping in a very uncomfortable way. He made a strong effort to recover himself and to steady his voice, but, in spite of all, it trembled with an ever-deepening terror as he went on, curdling my very blood in sympathy.

"I had turned the gas out when I sat down in my chair to sleep, so that the only light in the room came from the dying fire. I became aware of that presence the very instant I awoke.

"Mind, sir, this is not a dream. I was as fully awake as I am at this moment. The thing was there! It was at the back of me. It was between me and the door. I had got to turn my head to see it. But I knew it was there! Who it was or what it was I did not know; but I was sure that some living thing was standing behind me motionless in the dim, ghostly light, and was looking at me.

"My God, sir! it was awful to sit still and feel that thing, and try to make up my mind to turn my head toward it! I am pretty well accustomed to corpses, but I can tell you that I did not feel just then that the corpse out in the other room was company for me.

"Well, there I sat—feeling that horrible gaze fixed upon me, in the utter silence, and the death-like cold creeping through my veins—striving, struggling to nerve myself to look around and to face the thing, whatever it was.

"Were you ever locked up in a tomb at night?" the undertaker suddenly asked me. I could only shake my head in response; I could not speak.

"I have been," he said, "but it was nothing—nothing to those few minutes, while I sat palsied with terror, with that thing behind me!

"At last, in a kind of nervous spasm, I sprang to my feet and turned toward the door. The sight froze me! There is no other word for it—I was rigid. I could no more stir than I could arrest the motion of this train now and instantly. My very heart stopped its beating. I wonder I didn't drop dead myself, for there—not six feet from me—with the livid pallor of death on its face, and its glassy eyes glued to mine, stood the corpse!

"Then it began to approach me. It did not seem to walk—it glided, and not till it reached me did it make a single apparent movement. Then—just stand up, will you? I can illustrate better what occurred."

I did so, and he rose at the same time, and we stood facing each other in the compartment. I was dimly conscious at the moment that we were crossing Battersea bridge. The undertaker, as he went on, repeated upon me the actions he described.

"Then this dead thing," he said to me, "slowly lifted its arms and laid its icy fingers on my cheeks and moved them gently downwards to my shoulders, pressing hard against me all the time on either side, as I do now on you, and wherever the hands lay they seemed to draw the very life out of the flesh beneath them. Slowly—oh, how slowly—they glided on downward from my shoulders to my breast, beneath my coat, like this. Try to conceive it—try, if you can.

"Wherever they touched they drew something away from me—some virtue seemed to go out of me. And then the frightful thought came to me that I was dying by piecemeal!—that I was parting with something dear to me as life—bit by bit I could feel it ebbing—ebbing, and at last the horror grew to a conviction. This ghoul was drawing my life's blood into his own veins! was sucking my substance! What I lost he gained! He enriched himself by making me poor, and it would end—"

"Victoria!" shouted a guard, opening the carriage door.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the undertaker, "are we in? I must hurry to catch my train out." He seized his satchel, and was on the step before I could get my breath to say:

"But the story! I want to hear the end of it."

He was on the platform now.

"Oh! there isn't much more," he called back. "The ghoul succeeded—that's all!" —and he was gone before I could say another word.

As I followed a porter to a cab, and all the way home, I tried to conceive what the undertaker could mean. How could the dead man have succeeded? Here the undertaker was, alive and well, telling me the story. It was very annoying and disappointing to be so baiked, after being so wrought upon. The undertaker had left me no address, so that I was apparently doomed never to know the solution.

Only "apparently," however. When I got out of the cab at my door I could find no loose change to pay the driver—yet I had some when I took that train at Dover; my well-furnished pocket-book—though that, too, I had at Dover—was gone as well; and my watch and chain had followed suit.

It is painful to lose confidence in human nature in this way.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—If there is any person who wants copy-right it is the editor. So much copy wrong is what is wearing out his life.

—The editor who saw a lady making for the only seat in the street car found himself "crowded out" to make room for "more interesting matter."

—"I don't wish to say anything against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "but would merely remark in the language of the poet, 'that to him truth is stranger than fiction.'"

—Judge: "Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?" Prisoner: "Well, all I've got to say is, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

—Smith: "Who is that philanthropist so carefully sprinkling ashes on the slides on the public sidewalks?" Brown: "He is not a philanthropist. He is the President of an accident insurance association."

—This is the toast which the modest Irishman drank to the Englishman: "Here's to you as good as you are, and here's to me as bad as I am; but as good as you are, and as bad as I am, I'm as good as you are as bad as I am."

—A steward wrote to a bookseller in London for some books to fit up his master's library, in the following terms: "In the first place, I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

—Mrs. Finigan: "He's no better, doctor. You towld me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpince. I hadn't a sixpince, but I gave him as much as would go on five pinnies an' two halfpinnies, and it's done him no good at all, at all."—*Funny Folks.*

—Miss Todidum (complaisantly): "Ah, Mrs. Goldbags, no one could mistake who the mother of these handsome children is. You ought to be proud of them, for they inherit all their mother's beauty and grace." Mrs. Goldbags: "So I'm told; but you know I never met my husband's first wife."—*Judge.*

—"Miss Allibone," said Mr. Bean, as they sat by the dim light of a turned-down kerosene lamp, "your voice is a constant reminder to me of a beautiful song." "Ah! Mr. Bean, how sweet of you to say that. Is it any particular song?" "Yes; the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' because you always begin with 'Oh, say!'"—*Melrose Journal.*

—The tables were turned in rather a funny way the other day upon a particularly vigorous speaker at a Woman's Rights meeting. Waving her long arms like the sails of a windmill a lady asked: "If the women of this country were to rise up in their thousands and march to the polls, I should like to know what there is on this earth that could stop them!" And in the momentary silence which followed this peroration, a still, small voice remarked: "A mouse!"

—"You will come to our fair to-morrow evening, Mr. Sampson of course," she said, with a bewitching smile, "and you must bring lots of money with you." Mr. Sampson was so overcome by the smile that he was on his knees before he knew it, and presently everything was as it should be. "George, dear," the girl said later on, and she said it thoughtfully, "perhaps it will be as well for you not to bring too much money to-morrow evening. We ought both to practice economy now, you know."

Rural Thrift.

Little Girl—"Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen."

Neighbor—"So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens."

Little Girl—"No'm, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's goin' to lend us a hen that wants ter set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we've got the nest outside."

THE LOAN OF A LOVER.

"I wouldn't stand it!" said Myra Bell, with a flash in her blue eyes which would make one think she really would not stand much without protest.

"But I know he loves me best of all," gently answered her stately, dark-eyed friend, Ione Valon. "If I had a doubt of his affection I would set him free to-day; but, much as he pains me, greatly as he sometimes seems to neglect me, I know that in his heart he cares for no woman as he does for me."

A faint color was in her olive cheeks, a touch of pain shadowed her steady, gentle eyes, but Myra tossed her blonde head angrily.

"Then let him prove it," she said sharply. "Why, one might swear he was the lover of that cousin of Jack's, he hangs about her so constantly since she came here. I just met them now riding together. Why don't you pay him back in similar coin? Flirt with some nice fellow and have as merry a time as he has."

Ione smiled.

"Pray, where would I find the man who would permit me to flirt with him?" she asked, leaning back indolently in her garden chair, a slight curl on her young lip. "Myra, you are laughing at me."

"Not I," asserted Myra, bringing down a little foot with some show of force on the green sward; "let me loan you my Jack."

"What!" Ione sat erect, genuinely surprised. "You would have me flirt with Jack Atherton, my dear Myra?"

"I know that Jack was over his ears in love with you two years ago," said Myra laughingly. "He told me all about it when he asked me to wear his ring; but that is all over and Jack loves me now and I love Jack; but I want you to let him play the devoted admirer to you for a month or so, just to see how Roy Howel likes it.

"He doesn't know Jack is anything to me, and when he finds him at your side half the time he may give you more of his own precious time and less to every precious girl he meets. See here, Ione, if he really loves you it will teach him that it is possible to lose you, and, dear, I love you too well to look on and see you neglected as you have been lately. May I tell Jack?"

A painful flush was on Ione's face; she tried to smile, but her lips quivered. Ah, it had stung her sorely, even in her perfect faith, to find that any fair face could lure her lover, and that he could go hither and thither with devotion that he had pledged to her.

"Yes; I will try the experiment," she said at last, and Myra sprang up and kissed her.

"Do, dear," she said eagerly; "and here he comes now, riding like a prince through the sunlight. Ione, begin to-day—this very hour! Go in and don your riding dress; tell them to saddle your pretty pony, and while you're gone I will explain to Jack. You shall ride with him to-day—every day! and now go, Ione, go; hurry! Be ready in ten minutes or I'll not loan you my precious Jack."

So, half coaxed, half pulled out of her chair, Ione stood up and went toward the house, while Jack Atherton, in obedience to a small beckoning hand, turned in at the gate and cantered up the drive.

Now, Jack was a handsome young man as one might [illegible] to see, with a bronzed, laughing face and a pair of sunny, dusky eyes, and it was no secret in the pretty little town that he had been very much in love with Ione Valon, while the transfer of his affections to Myra was a happy secret between the lovers; so, when twenty minutes later, he and Ione mounted at the door and rode down the drive and out to the sunlight of a fair June day the laughter on his firm, handsome lips and the hot color on Ione's young face might very easily be misread.

Cantering through the main street of the town, they wound their way along the riverside, and there, dashing over the hard roadway with the soft, cool river breeze on their faces—with the laughter yet dancing from Jack's lips to his eyes, and yet the soft red still flushing Ione's olive cheeks—they met and passed another pair of riders.

Such a pretty girl as Jack's cousin was! —all pink and white daintiness and big gray eyes and flossy, golden hair—but Roy Howel, riding with her beside the river, suddenly turned from her dainty loveliness to look after the dark-eyed girl whom he had neglected for her.

"That was cousin Jack; who is the lady?" asked Miss Atherton, after they had passed with a few merry words.

"Miss Valon."

"Ah! He has been in love with her, then, for a long time. I hope she cares for Jack, he is such a noble fellow."

Why was it that praise of Jack was so suddenly distasteful to Roy Howel? He shook out his rein impatiently.

"Miss Valon is betrothed," he said, distinctly.

"To Jack?"

"No; to another."

The pretty, babyish lips widened in a soft, merry laugh, which somehow did not please the youth.

"Then let that other man look to it; let him guard her from my fascinating cousin," she said, "or Jack will steal his sweetheart; for Jack is one of the very nicest young men I have ever met, Mr. Howel, and such men as he seldom woo in vain. You know him, though."

"Yes, I know him, but I have found nothing wonderful in his composition. The sun is setting, Miss Atherton; shall we turn homeward?"

"Yes, and when we ride to-morrow—"

"Pardon me; but I have an engagement which will prevent my riding to-morrow."

She looked at him in wonder; for a month he had been her daily cavalier; was the pleasant flirtation at an end and her visit only half finished?

Ah! perhaps he had heard of her engagement to Leonard Blaine, the dandy of her native city, and that was why he would not ride with her on the morrow.

A vain little smile dawned on her lips. If he had Leonard's money; but, pshaw! she would not allow him to spoil her visit by giving up those long, lovely rides, those pleasant wanderings in the sunset, those delightful rows on the river; and when she parted with him at her uncle's he had forgotten all about his slight uneasiness concerning Jack and his betrothed, and had promised to give Miss Atherton a row the afternoon of the day that would follow on the morrow.

"To-morrow I will give to Ione," he thought, generously; "I'll call around to-night and ask her at what hour she'll be ready. Guess I'll take her for a drive. Poor child! she must have missed me lately."

But when he called at Ione's home in the evening he did not find her, as usual, waiting to welcome him with lovely eyes and shy, sweet glances; she had gone with Mr. Atherton to spend the evening at Myra's.

He started; she didn't miss him so greatly, after all, then.

He sat on the veranda chatting with Mr. Valon until the evening was far spent, and then Ione and Jack came slowly up the path, his mellow laugh flowing out on the still air, followed by the girl's silver ripple of merriment. It irritated Roy, why he could not have told.

"Now, say something decidedly cool to him," Jack whispered to his companion when he saw the waiting lover; and Roy saw the bent head, the devoted attitude, the whispering lips of Jack; but then he knew how her face would light at sight of him. What was Jack Atherton to her?

She ran lightly up the steps and gave him the most careless, indifferent greeting in the world.

"I am glad papa was not alone!" she said cheerfully, taking the chair Jack drew forward for her, although Roy had drawn one forward too. "Had I known you were here we might have remained an hour longer; and the evening has been so pleasant."

Roy felt as though he had dreamed a dream and was awaking from it. Was this his gentle, adoring sweetheart.

Jack, stationed at her chair back, gave an inward chuckle. Roy stood there, unbending and unsmiling.

"I have waited to see you, Ione," he said distinctly in a tone touched with annoyance. "I want to ask at what hour I may call to take you for a drive to Palmer. You said once that you would like to go there."

"Too late, old fellow," put in Jack, with a broad smile, "Miss Valon has promised to take that very ride with me to-morrow."

Roy turned to Ione with a start, but she was not looking at him; her dark eyes, smiling and soft, were turned upward to meet a glance—as tender as he could make it—from Jack.

"You will not go with me to-morrow?" Roy asked her.

"I have promised to go with Ja—Mr. Atherton."

"Then you will ride with me on the following day?"

"Our tennis battle comes off that day," reminded Jack softly.

Roy turned upon him with a frown.

"You seem to monopolize Miss Valon's time," he said curtly.

"I would like to," was Jack's unmoved answer, and then, thinking he had done all required of him, he took his leave.

Mr. Valon had disappeared, and the betrothed lovers were alone, and Ione was as cool and serene as Roy was hot and angry.

"See here, Ione," he began, "this is the first time you have treated me in this manner, and I want to understand it. Are you going to throw me over for Jack Atherton? Be honest with me. Are you?"

"Does my being civil to him annoy you, Roy?"

"Civil to him! Why, you have declined two invitations from me to accept his; if you prefer him to me, as you certainly seem to, since you take his escort when mine is at your service—"

"But your escort is so rarely at my service of late, Roy; and if preference is given to the one whose society is sought most, you for a month have cared not for me, but for Jack's cousin."

"Ione, do you think I care for any woman but yourself?"

"No, dear," she answered, lifting her eyes to his with the olden sweetness in them; "you love me best, but you forget me sometimes."

"Never, my darling," he cried passionately, dropping on one knee beside her chair and putting his arms about her; "never for an hour of my life! And I will promise you now that, after keeping one engagement which I have made with Miss Atherton, I will not even look at her again if I can help it. You'll go with me to-morrow, Ione, and send Jack an excuse?"

"No, Roy; since you intend to keep an engagement with Miss Atherton I will keep mine with her cousin."

He remembered the words of the blonde, "Jack may steal his sweetheart," and his face darkened.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "that I am jealous of Jack Atherton? Don't tease me if you love me, dear."

"Then give me consideration for consideration, Roy."

And he vowed in his soul he would.

The next evening Myra received a note from Ione which she seemed greatly to enjoy. It ran thus:

"I return your precious Jack, dear Myra; the experiment has been a complete success."

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' WAY.

Revival of the Old-Fashioned Courtesy.

The old-fashioned courtesy of our grandmothers is being revived again, though in a modified form.

At a recent reception at the White House a fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down about six inches with a movement which might be termed the lightning courtesy. The same little bob was repeated a moment later as she shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland.

Some of the bystanders exclaimed, "How awfully country!" but were quickly subdued by an explanation coming from one of the initiated.

The trick is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note. The movement is a difficult one, and if universally adopted the fair society belles will find some difficulty in perfecting themselves in the accomplishment, for, unlike their grandmothers, the early education of the modern girl in that respect has been neglected.

Courtesies and backboards were long ago consigned to oblivion as old-fashioned and out of date. Now, together with the old spinning-wheels, they are being brought to light and favor once more.—Toledo Blade.

A HINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.

The Industry of Rearing Sponges for the Market.

M. Oscar Schmidt, professor at the University of Gratz, in Styria, has invented a method by which pieces of living sponge are broken off and planted in a favorable spot. From very small cuttings of this kind, Prof. Schmidt has obtained large sponges in the course of three years, and at a very small expense.

One of his experiments gave the result that the cultivation of 4,000 sponges had not cost more than 225f., including the interest for three years on the capital expended.

The Austro-Hungarian Government has been so much struck with the importance of these experiments that it has officially authorized the protection of this new industry on the coast of Dalmatia.

How One Drummer Keeps Warm.

Said a traveling man in the Palmer House, Chicago:

"I never order a fire in my room at a country hotel. I carry a warming apparatus along which is both convenient and not costly to myself. See?"

And he pulled out a pair of nippers and a gas-burner which would throw a flame at least seven inches wide.

"It's this way," he continued. "I register and go to my room. The burner is, of course, plugged with cotton so that you can't get enough light to see the bed by. I yank it off with my nippers, screw on my own patent appliance, and then sit by the window and watch the city gas tank sink down towards the ground while my room gets warm."

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - JULY 20, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,

DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Pawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

HARRISON'S love for the Chinamen and his vote to allow them to come into this country unmolested and unhindered, will lose him the vote of every Pacific coast State as sure as election day comes.

HON. SAMUEL J. RANDALL, who was taken seriously ill at Washington last week is reported much better. While still very weak he is gaining strength and his physicians are hopeful for his ultimate recovery.

THE New York Legislature assembled in extra session on Tuesday. The Governor's message related solely to the subject of making an appropriation to provide work for the convicts in the prisons of the State.

UNNECESSARY taxation is unjust taxation, and unjust taxation is robbery of those taxed. The treasury is overflowing, and, in the face of this fact, the Republican party proposes to continue the burdensome taxes which draw unnecessarily from the people.

GENERAL HARRISON, the Republican candidate for President has been quite ill for several days but is again able to be out. His illness is attributed to over work in supervising his large correspondence. He will be a good deal sicker after the November election.

HARRISON was nominated on account of his pedigree and Morton in the hope that he would use his barrel and also be able to get some of the other barrels in Wall street on tap. He is a Wall street banker and the g. o. p. expect him to shell out the boodle from his cornucopia with a liberal hand.

SENATOR QUAY, of this State, has been made Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Quay was manager of the Sherman boom at Chicago, which proved a disastrous fizzle and when he takes an inventory of stock after the November election he will find his political capital away below par.

LAST week Judge Simington, of Harrisburg, in a case in which exceptions were taken to a tax collector's bond was up, gave a decision in which the Act of 1885 providing for the election of tax collectors is declared unconstitutional. This decision replaces the appointive power in the hands of the County Commissioners.

ON Friday of last week General Broulanger, the James G. Blaine of France, and Prime Minister Floquet, fought a duel with swords, near Paris. General Boulanger was wounded in the neck and will be laid up for a short time but there is no danger of a French duel terminating fatally unless it should be by some unavoidable accident.

JAMES G. BLAINE will sail for this country about the 1st of August in the new steamer the City of New York. The steamer is a new one, one of the finest ships afloat, and is owned by Americans, but owing to the beneficent shipping laws that the g. o. p. has inflicted on this country the vessel flies the British flag at her masthead.

CHAIRMAN COOPER, of the Republican State Committee, has issued a call for the committee to meet at Philadelphia on Wednesday, August 8th, for the purpose of placing in nomination a candidate for Auditor General. Chairman Kisner, of the Democratic Committee, will likely issue a call in a few days for alike purpose. Auditor General McCamant will be the Republican candidate without opposition and the Democratic candidate, will probably come from the western part of the State.

CHAIRMAN BARNUM, of the National Democratic Committee, last week appointed the following campaign committee: William L. Scott, Pennsylvania; Arthur P. Gorman, Maryland; Matt. W. Ransom, North Carolina; Calvin S. Brice, Ohio; John S. Barbour, Virginia; Hermann Oelrichs, New York; Miles Ross, New Jersey; Arthur Sewall, Maine, and Erskine M. Phelps, Illinois. On Tuesday the committee met at their headquarters in New York, and elected Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, as Chairman of the Campaign Committee.

JOHN J. KINNEY, Esq., the Democratic candidate for sheriff, has been in the field some six weeks and has not been assailed as to his competency or honesty by a single voter of any party in Cambria county. Born within a few rods of where he now lives, he has always sustained the character of a pure and upright citizen possessing every qualification necessary for the office for which he has been nominated. Still Know-Nothings assail him not because he is an Irishman, for he is not, but because he is a true Democrat and a good man.

They assailed William B. Bonacker and Herman Baumer, the same way because *they* were Germans, but the Irish voted for both of them and elected them sheriffs. They assailed John Ryan the same way because he was an Irishman, but the Germans voted for him and elected him. Thus Democrat's don't care where a man is born if he is a true Democrat and a good man.

The Republicans of to-day who are the Know-Nothings of a few years ago, never vote for any foreigner, be he German or Irish; but they will use falsehood to create a feeling between them.

Thus the Johnstown *Tribune* printed nearly thirty miles from Gallitzin asserts that,—not Mr. Kinney, but *somebody* said at Gallitizin, "to hell with the dutch," and while the German citizens present contradict the falsehood, that paper, true to its Know-Nothing instincts persists in it.

Our citizens, whether German, Irish, or American appreciate these falsehoods at their true value.

Equally baseless is their talk about the primary elections. Each candidate had agreed to use no list of tickets but those furnished by the chairman. They had a right, *as between themselves*, to make such agreement. And no man dare say that Mr. Kinney violated that agreement. But neither he nor any other candidate had, or could have, any right to prevent any Democrat from writing his own ticket, or voting any printed ticket with the proper number of names. And every Democrat knows this— if the Know-Nothing don't. If any friends of Mr. Kinney, or any other candidate saw proper to do this it was simply *their own* business.

The further slander has been hatched that Mr. Kinney made terms with another candidate by which he withdrew. We are authorized by Mr. Kinney to pronounce this a base falsehood. That he never made or authorized any such promise to any candidate.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, says: "Our opponents delight to reiterate the charge that our party is the party of free trade. It is their entire party capital in this campaign. They seem to think that the constant assertion of a falsehood makes it less false. They underestimate the intelligence of the people, who appreciate fair play in politics as well as in everything else.

"It does not follow that a party is opposed to all tariffs because it is opposed to a high and extortionate one. Because a party opposes a war tariff in time of peace it is not necessarily opposed to any tariff destruction. To modify is not to annihilate. Tariff reform does not mean free trade. It means trade less burdened by unnecessary exactions."

THE Springfield Mass., *Republican*, as its name indicates, a Republican paper, indulges in some sensible talk in regard to the Republican howl about "Free Trade." It says: Tariff revision is Mr. Cleveland's gift to this campaign. And the answer is an unprincipled cry of "Free Trade." One might as well accuse a man of proposing to disrobe because he takes off his overcoat in warm weather as to assume that a 10 per cent. reduction of duties means a 100 per cent. destruction. It is this kind of captious criticism that offends people. The trafic in false colors, as evidence of loss of faith and lack of trust in the power of honesty and virtue, is this the thing that threatens the Republican party and multiplies independence.

ACCORDING to the report of Consul Bissinger, from Beirut, Syria, the Russian petroleum which was introduced there about two years ago, wholly driving out American competition on account of its cheapness, has proven unsatisfactory, and more expensive in the end. It burns away more rapidly, and gives a poorer light, besides being insecurely put up, so as to cause loss to the dealers from leakage. Merchants in Beirut are again ordering shipments of American oil, owing to the demands of customers, and as this trade amounted in the past to over $250,000 a year, its revival is a matter for congratulation.

"THE people of this country care just about nothing at all for the grandsons of their grandfathers," says the Philadelphia *Times* "and but little even for the sons of their fathers. That sentiment was tried disastrously in New York last fall when Colonel Fred. Grant was defeated by thousands regardless of the profound reverence for the memory of his father; and the name of Bob Lincoln hardly called out a cheer in the Chicago Convention, although he embodies the most sacred sentiment among Republicans as the son of Abraham Lincoln."

CONGRESS is still working on the Mills bill. The motion on Monday to strike wool off the free list was defeated by a vote of 102 to 120, thus retaining the provision by 18 majority. Only three Democrats voted against free wool and they were Sowden, of Pennsylvania, Foran, of Ohio, and Wilkins. Anderson, Rep., of Iowa, voted with the Democrats. The Mills bill has been modified in many respects and it is thought that a final vote on the measure will be reached this week and the bill passed.

COL. JOHN R. FELLOWS, of New York, in a speech at Baltimore paid a tribute to the memory of William Henry Harrison, but suggested that a grandfather's fame was sometimes like a grandfather's clock, which "Stopped short never to go again when the old man died."

He also made a great hit when in the course of the same speech he said: "Our government is well conducted, and we are at peace with all the world except Ingalls and Foraker."

Professional Politicians.

Some good people have quit voting, and ceased to take any interest in their local campaigns, because they say the nominations are all made the professional politicians, and the details of government are dictated by them, no matter which way they vote. There is some truth in this. A good many local campaigns are bound to result against the people because all the candidates are tools who can be used for the purposes of the men who set them up. A few bilious and bitter malcontents even go so far as to say that a Republican form of government is wrong because of this political abuse.

The form is all right. The trouble is not with the form of government. The trouble is with the indifference of the people; rather with the engrossing business of the people. The busy man of affairs does not take time to go into politics and see to it that proper men are nominated and elected. The American spirit of push in business affairs has attracted all attention, and the business man in a moderate way, or the professional man and thinker hardly takes time to go to the polls at a general election and cast his ballot. On the other hand, unscrupulous men of more than ordinary wealth are quick to see the advantages of perversion of the functions of Democratic government. Not having time to get into politics themselves, they hired men with not too nice a sense of honor to do politics for them.

This gave rise to the professional politician. Young men who had some wit and no conscience have taken up the profession and pursued it for profit, their pay coming from powerful corporations and very wealthy individuals in return for influence exerted in favor of special privileges and legislation in the interest of capital as against the welfare of the masses. Thus a great deal of such legislation is found on the statute books of every State in the Union, and the appeal of the citizen for manifest justice is often defeated by coming in contact with these "vested rights" of some great monopolistic corporation or combination.

This year the professional politician ascended to national politics. Harrison and Morton are the result in the ticket, and the Republican platform for free whisky and the perpetuation of the monopolies who foot the bills are the result in principle. Quay is the very personification of the professional politician, and he is intrusted with the conduct of the campaign with the well known methods. There is no attempt to make it appear that the candidates nominated at Chicago were the choice of any considerable number of people, even in the Republican party. The most popular candidates were shamelessly cut to pieces by the professional politicians in the pay of the monopolies and capitalistic combinations.

But even this invasion of national politics by the professional politician does not make our system of Democratic government wrong. It is the professional politician who is wrong, and that social system is wrong which demands such close attention to business on the part of honest men that they must allow these boodle politicians to choose candidates for them. It is the duty of every good citizen to support the constitution of his country and he does not do that who allows the professional politician to endanger its permanence by the practice of his business of boodling in politics.

The citizen who gets too virtuous to mingle in the foul struggle of politics is not a good citizen, and cannot become a good citizen, until he rolls up his sleeves and goes into the foul pool with the disinfectant, honesty, and does what he can to purify it. The people have it in their hands to unhorse the professional politicians and trample them into the dust, and they should do it. There is a first rate opening in this city to begin such a process, and extending it to the State will wipe Chairman Quay, Chairman Cooper and Chairman-to-be Andrews in one common heap, as traitors to the constitution which prohibits bribery direct and indirect. Let the reform procession move.—*Pittsburg Post.*

The King Business.

What Artemus Ward called "the King business" does not promise to be thriving enough in twenty or thirty years from now to warrant the attention that is being given at present to the rearing and training of Crown Princes and other heirs apparent.

A young lad has just been brutally torn from his mother in Germany in order that he may be fitted to succeed his scapegrace father as King of Servia. The youngster has no more right to rule over Servia than he has to be proclaimed Mayor of London or Governor of Ohio. He is simply a pawn of Austria, played by that power to check the Russian scheme of aggrandizement. The people of Servia are no more considered in the matter than though they were so many sheep.

The infant "King of Spain" has been taken to the seacoast by his mother to finish his teething or tone up his "little insides," with as much fuss and ceremony as though he were destined to prolong a heaven-sent dynasty. And one of the younger English Princes is being utilized for "public events" just to show that the reigning class expect to extend their line "to the crack of doom."

Unless the signs of the times fail, none of these royal kids or their successors will be in the "King business" at the end of another generation. The spirit of Democracy is marching on.—*N. Y. World.*

THE farmers last year produced $523,073,798 more than was required for the home market and sold it abroad. They were paid in goods made by foreign paupers, let us admit. But the farmers made so much by the exchange that they could afford to pay the custom house fine of $162,965,169 (their share of the tax imposed to protect the combines and trusts) and still dispose of them to their countrymen at a small profit. Farming paid even under this fearful fine or confiscation of thirty-one per cent. of the value of goods exchanged. The Republican platform is opposed to permitting any interference with Americans making foreign pauper products and competing with foreign paupers. It proposes to raise still higher this fine upon sales to foreign countries until all the farmer's profits in the exchange are swallowed up. This will limit him to the home market. If he produces more than we need, his grain may rot in the fields. He shall not export it.

The Democratic platform is in favor of a small reduction of this fine so that his profits may be increased and the increase of production and consequent increase of workmen in a highly profitable industry wherein no person comes in competition with foreign pauper labor. The farmer may prefer to vote the Republican ticket, but in doing so he votes against his own interests.

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all throat, lung and Chest affections. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Should Wool be Taxed?

The question of imposing higher tariff taxes upon wool or of repealing all duties on that raw material is now before the House.

One party, with few exceptions, demands, by amendment offered to the pending tariff bill, that the duties of 1867 shall be restored, which would impose a tax of about 165 per cent. on the cheaper grades of woolen goods.

The other party, with few exceptions, favors the repeal of all tax upon wool and its free admission in the interest of our woolen manufacturers and labor.

Which is right? Which is wrong?

We now tax our home consumers of woolen products 58 per cent. ostensibly to protect our woolen industries and give them our home market. If we thereby obtained our home market it might be wise to tax the workingmen 58 cents of every dollar of the wages he expends for woolen goods, but does this excessive taxation give us our home market?

On the contrary, our highly protected woolen manufacturers and our overtaxed woolen consumers, give our home woolen manufacturers and labor only 52 per cent. of our home markets, while Europe comes in and supplies 48 per cent. of it.

Why is this so?

The reason is plain as the unclouded sun at noonday. The European manufacturer gets his wool and other raw materials free; the American manufacturer is so exorbitantly taxed for his raw materials that even with a 58 per cent. tax imposed upon consumers of woolen goods, to protect our capital and labor, Europe can pay the high tax and compete with us in our home markets.

With free wool and reduced taxes on the necessaries of life, our woolen manufacturers could reduce the cost of woolens to consumers not less than 20 per cent; they could double our product of woolens and supply our whole home market; they could double the employment of labor in the woolen industry, and both capital and labor could get better compensation with reduced taxes upon consumers.

And what would the people gain by it?

We consume annually $10 per head of woolen goods—that is $600,000,000. We now furnish from home mills and labor about $300,000,000 and pay European mills and labor for nearly $300,000,000. A reduction of 20 per cent in woolens would relieve the consumers of woolens annually of the enormous sum of $120,000,000, and of that sum $15,000,000 would be saved by the consumers of woolens in Pennsylvania alone, while in the entire wool crop of the State does not exceed $230,000.

Everybody consumes woolen goods, and especially our workingmen. Many of them wear only woolens the whole year, and they are now taxed 58 per cent.—and much more on some of the cheaper articles—to protect our woolen mills and labor, when the proposed protection defeats itself by taxes upon the raw materials we must have.

Was ever such folly committed by an honest government?

"But we must protect the labor of the sheep industry," answers the monopolist champion. Pray, what labor is there in wool growing? The labor involved in the care of a flock of 500 sheep is about one boy and a dog, and there the protection of labor ends. Was ever such a mockery of the protection of labor offered to an intelligent people?

Should wool be taxed? Let the House answer the question by its vote on the tariff. The people will answer it in thunder tones in favor of free wool; reduced prices to consumers; enlarged labor for our workingmen; the entire supply of our home market and increased prosperity for both labor and capital.—*Philadelphia Times.*

The Pensions Vetoes.

The Republican Senators will make nothing by their attacks upon President Cleveland for his vetoes of private pension bills.

The general public, including first of all the old soldiers who are worthy of their fame, believe with the President that the pension list should be "a roll of honor." The demagogues and claim agents who are working together to taint the list with favoritism and pauperism are the real enemies of the soldiers.

The general pension laws are exceedingly broad and liberal. Under them any deserving soldier or his dependent representatives can secure fair and generous treatment. More certificates have been issued under the present Administration than were ever issued during the same time before. It is not just to the thousands of claimants without political or personal influence to pass special acts granting pensions to favored persons having "a pull," while others must take their regular course. It is both unjust and demoralizing to override general laws and proper decisions by special legislation.

President Cleveland has shown great conscientiousness and courage in examining the hundreds of private bills and vetoing those that are improper. The justice of his decisions is attested by the fact that none of them has been overridden, and scarcely one of them attacked upon its merits.

If the President were a demagogue he would run a race with the Republican politicians to curry favor with the "soldier vote." Being a faithful Chief Magistrate he does his duty without fear or favor.—*N. Y. World.*

The Sugar Trust Tax.

Since October last, the advance in the cost of raw materials for sugar manufacturers has been from one-eighth to five-eighths of a cent per pound.

Since October last, by reason of the Sugar Trust that has been perfected, the cost of sugar has been advanced to consumers from one and a half to one and seven-eighths cents per pound.

An advance of one cent per pound on the sugar annually consumed in the United States aggregates the enormous sum of over thirty millions of dollars.

The Sugar Trust has arbitrarily advanced the price of sugar to consumers some thirty-five millions a year over and above the advanced cost of the raw materials it consumes.

This is an arbitrary and lawless extortion of thirty-five millions imposed upon the whole people of the country, as sugar is the one article that is in universal use in the homes of the land. How long will the people of the country consent to pay over thirty millions a year to the Sugar Combine, and scores of millions of like robbery to the many other combines and trusts which have been bred by excessive tariff laws?

The people who pay these extortionate taxes levied by protected monopolies, do the voting when Presidents and Congressman are to be elected. Let them count the cost and vote as their honest judgment dictates.—*Phila. Times.*

A Sound Legal Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday Esq., County Atty, Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother also was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50c. and $1. at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A citizen of Canton, Miss., drives a pair of pet bears in a buggy.

—A fight occurred in a church near Knoxville, Tenn., over five dollars, in which three men were killed and over a dozen others wounded.

—The Cressona powder mills at Pottsville exploded on Friday of last week and killed three workingmen. This is the fourth time the mill has blown up.

—Mrs. Jenkins, of Tecumseh, Ind., quarreled with her niece, and emphasized her argument by the aid of a musket. The niece was fatally wounded and Mrs. Jenkins was placed in jail.

—The last French rifle, as described, has a ball so small that a soldier can carry 220 rounds, shoots with a new smokeless powder, and its bullet pierces a brick wall eight inches thick at 500 yards.

—Mrs. Gaines, of the Hocking valley, told her husband to bring her home a new dress or she would jump into the well. He forgot the dress. She kept her word. It cost him $12 to get her out and have her bones mended.

- Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital service, has received a telegram from Plant City, Fla., stating that five new cases of yellow fever have been discovered there. A strict quarantine has been established.

—Two young men of Racine, Wis., locked the door of the Methodist church in that city during the service, and it became necessary for a deacon to climb through a window and unlock the door before the congregation could be released.

—Mrs. John Floss and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Mary Millet, of east Buffalo, were burned to death Monday night. While chatting in the kitchen of Mrs. Millett's house a lamp exploded, covered the women with burning oil, and before the flames could be extinguished both were fatally burned.

—An unknown young woman fashionably attired accidently stepped off the steamboat Republic into the Delaware River at Chester on Sunday afternoon. A deck hand named Evans plunged into the water and rescued the unfortunate woman. A substantial purse was presented to the brave man by the passengers.

—The livery stable of H. C. Springer in Buffalo was entirely destroyed by fire one morning last week. The flames spread so rapidly that two employes—James Burnhardt and Richard Brennan—were burned to death. Twenty-two horses were also burned to death. The loss is estimated at $30,000, with $10,000 insurance.

—At Mexico, Mo., on Tuesday night, Prosecuting Attorney W. S. Moseby was shot and killed by Mark Stevenson, an old and respected citizen. Stevenson is in jail. Moseby was in the act of entering Stevenson's house by stealth when he was shot. No man stood higher in the community than Moseby. He leaves a young and cultured wife.

—W. F. Spann, of Webster county, Georgia, had a drove of 20 fine porkers, 12 brood sows and 8 shoats, that he allowed to run out in a pasture near his house. One night last week the hogs took refuge from a storm under a clump of bushes that grew near a tall pine tree. During the storm the tree was struck by lightning and every hog instantly killed.

—The first lynching ever occuring in Western North Carolina took place in Ashville on Sunday morning about 4 o'clock. John Humphreys was hung to a tree near the jail. He was a negro about 19, and had on the day before assaulted Sarah Parker, a respectable white girl of 13, who lived with her parents, Benjamin Parker and wife, good farmer people in the suburbs.

—A dispatch from Cape Town, Africa, says that the Debeers coal mine, at Kimberly, caught fire on Thursday evening. Eight hundred men are entombed. The work of rescue, which began at once, still continues. But it is believed that 500 persons have perished, including Mr. Lindsey, the manager of the company. Many of the victims imprisoned in the mine are white people.

—On Monday afternoon, at a hunting camp up Peters' Run, ten miles from Wheeling, W. Va., Henry Stein was playing with a shotgun, the butt resting on a log, when it slipped, and the hammer striking the log the gun was discharged, the load entering his neck and chin and plowing through his face, stripping the flesh clean from the bones on the right side. His injuries are fatal.

—Five thousand persons assembled in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday to take action with reference to the imprisonment of Mr. Dillon and the death of John Mandeville. Resolutions were adopted protesting against the course of the Government in the case of Mr. Dillon and declaring that the death of Mr. Mandeville was due to the ill treatment he received while in prison.

—At Coney Island 10 miles up the river from Cincinnati on Sunday night at 7 o'clock Samuel Young made an ascent of 1,000 feet in a hot air balloon and let go to make a descent in his parachute. The parachute for 900 feet did not open and he went down into 25 feet of water in the river and sank to the bottom. When he came up he got tangled in the parachute but was rescued by boatmen unhurt.

—A large whale of the finback species has been lying on a barge at the steamboat dock at Astoria, near New York, for the past few days, having been towed from Boston. The monster is 62 feet in length and weighs 60 tons. It was captured off Cape Cod in June by the Smith whaling crew, by whom it was sold to Sag Harbor parties who had it embalmed at Boston at an expense of over $1,000.

—Young Peter McGuigan made a thrilling leap on a $4 bet from the lofty bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad, just above Girard avenue Philadelphia, at dusk on Sunday evening, and struck the water of the Schuylkill, 80 feet below, uninjured. McGuigan lives in Laniganville, just back of the Zoo, and is known among the boys as "Peppers." He is only 17 years old, and though slim in build is wiry and strong.

—A cow boy walked into a bank of La Junta, Kansas, on Saturday afternoon and covering Rufus Phillips, the cashier, with a revolver ordered him to drop all the funds of the bank into a bag he placed on the counter. The cashier complied with alacrity and the daring robber at once mounted his horse and escaped. The amount of the money is variously estimated at from $18,000 to $20,000. No clue to the robber.

—About two years ago a 2-year-old child died at Atlanta, Ga. A short time before its death the child's hair was trimmed, and a curl of almost 1½ inches was placed in a box, along with some of the child's playthings and a quantity of flowers that had been placed on the coffin on the day of the funeral. The other day, when the contents of the box were being inspected, the curl was found to have grown over 2 feet.

—Amos Kissling, a laborer, while picking cherries at Reading, Pa., on Sunday met with an accident which was most peculiar in its circumstances. He was perched upon a limb about thirty feet from the ground when he lost his balance and, falling, his head caught in a fork of the tree and was wedged fast, while his body hung supported by his neck. A boy who was with him attempted to extricate him, and, failing, summoned help. It was nearly an hour before anyone came, and when the man was released he was bleeding from mouth, ears and nose and had a large hole in his head. He has since remained unconscious and will probably die.

—In a gas well in the southern suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, gas was struck on Saturday at a depth of 1,800 feet. Such a tremendus volume of gas was encountered that the heavy drilling tools were blown out of the well and high in air, a column of water was raised in the air to a height of 60 feet, and the roar of the escaping gas can be heard for miles. Experts pronounce the well a roarer and the supply of gas equal to the best of Findlay wells.

—Reuben Powers, a colored boy 7 years of age, was seized by a crowd of white boys who were swimming in the Cove at Norwich Conn., on Tuesday afternoon, carried out into deep water, ducked and deserted. Young Powers could not swim and the boys knew it. He struggled hard to save himself, cried frantically for help, but received only jeers and laughter in return. The boy was allowed to drown and then his companions hurriedly made their escape.

—The little village of Malvern, 21 miles from Philadelphia, on the Pennsylvania railroad, has a population of 400, fully 350 of whom are suffering with dysentery. There have been two deaths so far, and more may be expected, as in many cases entire families are prostrated. The epidemic, or endemic, as some of the physicians call it, broke out in the eastern or older portion of the village, and with a few exceptions has confined itself there.

—Tuesday night some one broke into the Otterbein churchyard at Newburg, Cumberland county, and despoiled the grave of Martin Van Buren Hoover, a wealthy citizen who was buried two years ago. They dug up the grave and broke off a heavy silver plate from the casket, but were frightened off before the body was exhumed. They were after some jewelry and a package of money which is supposed to have been placed in the coffin by a superstitious wife.

—Edison has invented a new dinner clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it speaks it. At dinner time a voice issues from the clock and says "Dinner time," also "1 o'clock," "2 o'clock", etc., as the case may be. Another device which he is perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face, which he purposes to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow and the fictitious lady will say, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime."

—On Wednesday of last week the body of an old man named Louis Schoenbach was found hanging in the cellar of a vacant house at Denver, Colorado. It was thought that he had committed suicide. The fact that some money was missing from his effects, together with the fact that a San Francisco drummer named John Dauscher, who had been intimate with Schoenbach, had disappeared after buying a draft for $500, caused suspicion to fall on Dauscher, and he was arrested last Sunday in Denver. Schoenbach had a family in Pennsylvania.

—Dr. M. C. Smith, a physician of Carlisle, Pa.; Justice-of-the-Peace Marguart, of Newville, and Andrew J. Stone, a farmer residing near Carlisle, have been arrested, charged with forgery, perjury, and conspiracy to defraud the "Old People's Mutual Benefit Society, of Elkhart, Indiana." It appears Stone's wife was insured, and that papers purporting to establish her death were sent to the company with a view of obtaining the amount of the policy—$1,000—before the woman died. The accused were held for appearance at the next term of court.

—Science has discovered yet another way of making an artificial ivory, which in its creamy whitness and great hardness resembles very perfectly the real. It is formed roughly as follows: Good potatoes are taken and washed thoroughly in diluted sulphuric acid; then they are boiled in the same solution, becoming very solid and dense. In the final stage of preparation they are washed entirely free from the acid and then dried. This preparation is found to give a very substantial and useful imitation of the real ivory, and will stand the processes of both dyeing and turning.

—A shocking accident occurred near Gridley, in Illinois, the other day. The pretty 19 year-old daughter of Farmer Rudy Witzig was raking hay with a horse, which became unmanageable. Miss Witzig, in attempting to hold him, was thrown against a barbed wire fence and her entire face was torn off from her neck up to her forehead. Her lower jaw, chin, tongue and her bonnet were left hanging, a gory mass, on the fence. Her father is very wealthy, but the unfortunate girl has received no surgical attention, and her father will not allow a doctor to come into the house.

—W. C. Simmons, of Madison county, Georgia, says that on a north hillside near his house are a dozen or more circles on the ground, varying in size from 3 to 16 feet across. In the center of each circle the grass seems to be greener than anywhere else, while the grass in the track is dead and dry as a chip. What has caused the circles to appear on the ground in this way is a mystery. They are perfectly round, and the track where the ground is dead is the same width all the way round, being about 18 or 20 inches wide. Mr. Simmons will dig to ascertain the cause of the circles.

—Henry Hubener, a grocer, of New York, was awakened at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning by a noise in his store, in the rear of which he sleeps. Revolver in hand he entered the store and was met by a man, who ordered him to go back. Hubener fired, and the man shrieked and fell. Two others ran into the store and bore off their companion, but were pursued by a policeman who had heard the shot and shriek. They dropped the man and escaped. The burglar was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he was found to be dangerously wounded. Hubener was arrested, but was discharged.

—In Vanderburg county, Indiana, the other day a horse was standing tied to a fence, when a drunken man deliberately plunged his pocket knife into the dumb brute's neck. The gash was a long one and quite severe, and the blood flowed from the wound profusely. The horse writhed in agony and in its struggles broke the hitching rein and ran out of the lot. The horse kept up its speed down until the road it came to a drug store. The animal stalked into the store and went as far back as the prescription case and set up a most pitiful neighing. The clerk was alarmed, but spoke gently to the animal and, taking a sponge, bathed the ugly wound in cool water, much to the relief of the brute. The proprietor then sewed up the wound and tied a band around the animal's neck. The horse was then led back seemingly happy and contented. The druggist is positive in the assertion that this is the neatest case of brute sagacity on record, and points out the blood spots on the floor of his store in proof of the tale.

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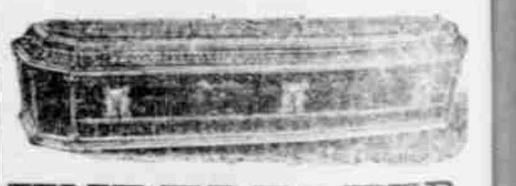

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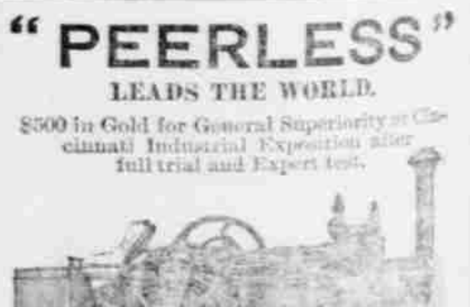

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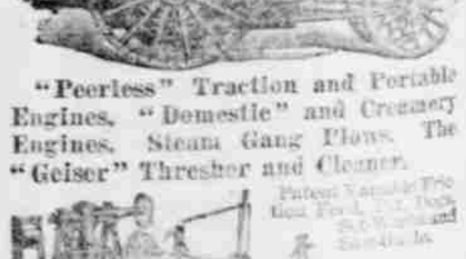

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FRIDAY, - - JULY 20, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Hay rakes at Duftons' for 10 cents.

—A few hand-made McGuire cradles still for sale at Duftons.'

—The "Mikado" Company had their pictures taken on Tuesday.

—Mr. D. B. Wilson has been appointed postmaster at Mineral Point.

—Mr. Thos. C. Shoemaker, of Bellefonte, was a visitor to our town this week.

—Miss Eva Lloyd is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Milton Brown, of Johnstown.

—The legal trout fishing season closed on July 15th, and we did not catch a trout.

—Miss Ida Soissom, of Connellsville, is visiting Miss Maud Bender, of this place.

—Miss Marion Houpt, of Johnstown, is visiting Miss Annie Sechler, of this place.

—The small boy and the little green apple are getting ready for their annual battle.

—The residence of Mr. James Myers, on High street, in being improved by a coat of paint.

—Mr. Matthew Zahm, clerk in the P. R. R. station at Cresson, was in town on Tuesday.

—The bricklayers commenced work on the new convent building in this place on Tuesday.

—Fifty-three kegs of beer was the consignment to the no-license town of Indiana on July 3d.

—A refreshing rain on Sunday night and Monday laid the dust and freshened up vegetation.

—If you want to get a sack of the best flour manufactured go to Gurleys' and ask for Minnehaha.

—Mr. John Given, of Altoona, has been appointed Chief Engineer on the Cresson & Coalport railroad.

—The old saw has it that "Bustle is not industry." This accounts for bustles always being in arrears.

—The rains of the past couple of days have sadly interfered with the getting in of their hay by the farmers.

—If you want a contented and happy family buy Minnehaha flour and you will always have good bread.

—In the economy of life it doesn't pay to be always borrowing trouble and giving a high rate of interest for it.

—Mr. Martin Ward, of this place, is having his house painted and when finished will present a fine appearance.

—An order has been received at the Bedford Springs for ten barrels of mineral water to be shipped to Panama.

—Miss Mamie Shields, of Loretto, has been visiting Miss Caddie Kerr, of this place, for the past few days.

—Judge Thurman will be one of the speakers at the annual fete of the Randall club, Pittsburg, on September 5.

—Mr. M. D. Bearer, the obliging deputy Treasurer, on Monday last started out on the annual mission of collecting taxes.

—Mr. E. Gregg, Jr., of Pittsburgh, who has been visiting in this place for the past two weeks, returned home on Tuesday.

—Bills are up requesting proposals for the supplying of poles for the new telephone line between Ebensburg and Carrolltown.

—Messrs. John and George Jones, formerly of this place but now of Allegheny city, are visiting friends and relatives in this place.

—The 26th day of this month is put down in the astronomical predictions as probably the hottest day we shall have this season.

—Wanted at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa., 5000 pounds good, clean dry wool for which the highest price will be paid. Cash paid if desired.

—The first arrival of new wheat at Baltimore reached that city on last Friday a week from Rappahannock river, Va. It sold at $1.12 per bushel.

—The Gallitzin *Vindicator* has treated itself to a new Campbell power printing press. We are glad to note this evidence of brother Kilduff's prosperity.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad company's official estimate is that 6,782,555 baskets of peaches will be shipped by rail from the peninsula this season.

—Mr. Milton Connell has taken charge of the Western Union Telegraph office at this place during the absence of the regular operator, Miss Eva Lloyd.

—The school house in Pine township Indiana county known as the "Rollin Williams" school house, was consumed by fire on Monday night, July 9th.

—The safe for the Carrolltown Bank arrived at the station in this place and was loaded on a wagon and started for Carrolltown this (Thursday) afternoon.

—Mrs. Mary Ann Platt, wife of Jerome Platt, who kept the Blair House in this place in 1868-9 and 70, died at Gallitzin on Monday of last week, aged 64 years.

—Matthew Fardy, son of Patrick Fardy, of Woodvale, had one leg taken off and was otherwise injured in a railroad accident at Buffalo, New York, on Friday last.

—Campbell Bakewell, a young man whose home is in Pittsburg, but who is stopping at Maple Park, while playing lawn tennis on Monday last fell and dislocated his shoulder.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—The Republicans of this county will hold their primary elections on Saturday and their convention on Monday next. Jury Commissioner is the only office that there is a fight for.

—John T. Griffith, of Kane, McKean county, a prominent business man of that place and a former resident of Ebensburg was nominated on Tuesday last on the Republican ticket for Assembly.

—After expending $9,000 drilling a test well for gas and oil at Drurys Run, Clinton county, the work has been abandoned at a depth of 3,885 feet. The well is one of the deepest in the United States.

—A hole is being drilled at the foot of Hughes' grade about a mile north of town, for the purpose of finding the depth of the coal at that point. They are down thirty-five feet but as yet have not struck coal.

—The citizens of DuBois will procure two fire engines to protect their town in the future. The borough authorities have also passed an ordinance prohibiting the erection of wooden buildings on certain streets.

—Misses Irene and Maude Glass, step-daughters of Judge Johnston, gave a party on Wednesday evening in honor of Miss Julia Kelly, an accomplished young lady of Philadelphia, who is visiting them in this place.

—Joe Lindsey, a colored porter, went to the office of Dentist Claggett, Blairsville, Friday afternoon, to have a tooth pulled. Chloroform was administered and before Lindsey could be revived, he died in the dentist's chair. Lindsey was born in Johnstown and was a well known porter in that city.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

PEOPLE shopping in Gable & Co.'s store the next few days will find in their Dress Goods department some Special Bargains at 25c. per yard. We are closing out some $1 Dress Goods at 60c.

NO FAVORITISM.

—The Indianna county Agricultural Society will give its annual exhibition this year on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th days of October.

—John Miller, a lumber piler, was gagged, bound hands and feet by highwaymen at Williamsport, Pa., on Saturday afternoon at half-past 4 o'clock, and robbed of $316. It occurred in a lumber yard. The robbers escaped.

—During the heavy storm on Thursday evening of last week the barn of James Watt, of Lacolle, Westmoreland county, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground with all of its contents, involving a heavy loss.

—The girl who can put a good, square patch on a pair pantaloons may not be as accomplished as one who can embroider and work green worsted dogs on blue ground, but will be far more useful at the head of a large family.

—Matthew Hitchew, a young ten-year-old son of Mr. Abram Hitchue, of this place, took a fit and tumbled off a box on which he was sitting, at the station, on Wednesday morning. He was taken to his home and in a short time recovered.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

—During a thunderstorm last week, lightning struck a tree on Dr. Mowry's farm near Monroeville, Indiana county, and killed five head of Alderney cattle. The stock belonged to Dr. Mowry, of Allegheny City, and the loss will be several hundred dollars.

—The Johnstown *Weekly Herald*, a new candidate for public favor, made its first appearance on Saturday last. It is a neatly printed five column quarto and we welcome it into the journalistic field and hope it may prove a veritable mint to its projectors.

—Judge Wickham, of Beaver county, has rendered an opinion that the act of Assembly restricting the issuing of licenses to hawk and peddle to disabled soldiers is unconstitutional. The matter will not be finally settled until the Supreme Court passes upon it.

—Quite a number of the young people of this place meet every Monday and Wednesday evenings in the Opera House for the purpose of enjoying a social dance. Prof. M. D. Bearer's orchestra furnishes the music, and everything is run on a strictly private plan.

—George Wooden, of Houtzdale, has a tumor growing on his left arm just below the elbow. A week ago an examination was made by Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, who decided that the arm must be amputated above the elbow, and the operation will be performed in a few days.

—Rev. Father Kittell, the beloved pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church, this place, will leave this week for Ireland whither he goes for the benefit of his health. He will spend three months on the green isle, and we trust he may be greatly benefitted by his sojourn there.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

—A dog belonging to T. W. Dick, Esq., of this place, took some kind of fit on Sunday last and became dangerous, snapping at every one who came near him. Clark Creery ended his career by a well directed shot and restored tranquility to the excited neighborhood who had a holy terror for a mad dog.

—Charles Gray, who was employed in the mines at Mountaindale, while going down the Bells Gap railroad on Monday last was thrown from the cars near Bellwood and a portion of the train passed over him injuring him so badly that he died shortly after. He leaves a wife and five small children.

—The Collins homestead on Centre street is about changing hands and we understand the family will make Bellefonte their future home. The sale of the property has not yet been completed but we believe all the neccessary arrangements have been made, and possession will be given about the first of August.

—On Friday last Augustus Dougherty, of Altoona, received a telegram from John Cress, the sheriff of Nevada county, California, announcing that his son, George B. McClellan Dougherty, was murdered. The young man left Altoona on the first of April 1887, and was engaged as a drummer for a California clothing house.

—William D. McMillen, who was sent to the Penitentiary in 1882 for committing an outrage upon his step-daughter, at the family home in Minersville, is about to apply through his attorney, Alfred Ashton, Esq., for a pardon. There was a great deal of indignation felt against McMillen at the time of his arrest.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—William H. Gardner, Esq., a well known citizen of Hollidaysburg, died at his home in that place on last Sunday afternoon, aged 61 years. The deceased, a number of years ago, resided at Wilmore in this county, where he was employed as a clerk by Gilbert L. Lloyd and afterwards was a member of the firm of Lloyd, Hill and Gardner.

—There are now 2,744 children in the Soldiers' Orphans' school of this State. The time for admitting new pupils has expired, and the number in the schools will consequently decrease each year until 1890, when the schools will be closed. Since 1864, when the system was established, there have been 11,810 children admitted and educated, at a cost $8,604,427.

—The Altoona *Times* of Tuesday says: There is a movement being made just now, in conjunction with the Cresson-Clearfield people, to construct a road from Dean station to the Dougherty coal property. This road will also reach the Louden and Patterson fire-clay and coal deposits. Some of the interested parties had a meeting yesterday at Cresson to arrange terms and conditions.

—The mail train East on the Pennsylvania railroad struck and instantly killed Mrs. James Crusan and her nine-year-old daughter Annie on Friday morning, near the Monastery Coke Works, Latrobe, Pa. The unfortunate persons were gathering coal and stepped off one track to avoid a freight train and were struck by the mail coming in the other direction. Mrs. Crusan was the mother of six children.

—Bargains at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa. Sugar, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents per pound; teas, 35, 50 and 70 cents per pound; coffee 15, 20 and 22 cents per pound; oatmeal, 5 cents; barley, 6 cents; rice 8 cents per pound; calicoes, 4, 5, 6, and 7 cents per yard; dress goods, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 cents; per yard; children's, misses' and ladies' shoes and all spring and summer goods at actual cost for spot cash or trade.

—The mail route between this place and Grant has been changed. Beginning on Monday next, the mail will be carried three times a week (every other day) down the river road by way of Garman's Mills, and the other three days in the week on the ridge road by way of Plattsville, thus giving the people of Plattsville a mail service three times a week instead of being supplied once a week from Grant as heretofore.

—Since the 21st of June—the longest day of the year—the days are decreasing at the rate of ten minutes per week, which ratio of contraction will be maintained until December 21st—the shortest day in the year—when they will again begin to show increase, reaching their greatest length in June. As yet the decrease in daylight is hardly perceptible, but in another month or two a marked difference will be observable in the amount of daylight then had and that with which we are now favored.

—The citizens of Coopersdale had an exciting and close election contest on Friday last at a special election held to vote on the proposition to increase the indebtedness of the borough for the purpose of building a bridge on the site of the one washed away in the flood of June 1887. Those opposed to the proposition were in favor of building the bridge at a different location. When the polls closed and the votes were counted the result was 53 for and 56 against increasing the indebtedness.

—William Aderson, having graduated in burglary in Pittsburg, tried his hand in Tyrone on Saturday, on the residence of Andrew Jackson Mattern. He tried to force an entrance through a bay window, but the Tyrone people knew a thing or two themselves, and while Anderson was working on the window, Mr. Mattern got his work in on Anderson's skull with a coal shovel, nearly scalping the burglar. Anderson was given a hearing and was held for court in $1,000 bail which he was unable to furnish.

—The following named persons can each receive a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: Aaron Thomas, Miss Rosie Lantzy, Mr. Addie Moirland, Dr. A. J. Maucher, J. T. Rees, Esq., E. H. Stoltz, Miss Susan Mullen, Messrs. Leight & Rees, Mrs. Clara Horner, Mr. D. Huter, Mr. Ambrose Glosser (2), Mr. Geo. Hardy, Daniel Hill, Esq., Mrs. John T. Everson, Mrs. Emiline Camlier, Miss Clara Blickendorfer and John Beers. Persons applying for these letters will please state that they had been advertised.

—The August number of *The Catholic World* has a timely article from the pen of Mr. John A. Mooney. He writes in a pleasant vein on the subject of pure water, and shows how even the mosscrowned country well and the sparkling spring have, in many instances, been the vehicle for the diffusion of typhoid fever. He is not an alarmist, but directs attention to a principle but little considered, especially in the choice of a suitable resort for the summer, viz: that good drainage and pure water are among the first of requisites for health.

—William F. King, an escaped convict who was arrested the latter part of April and tried at Williamsport for larceny, was sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, and while being conveyed to that institution by a Deputy Marshal from Pittsburg, jumped from the Fast Line at Carneys Station near Greensburg, while the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The train had run near two miles before being stopped, and when the officer had reached the place where the leap for liberty was made the bird had flown and was nowhere to be seen.

—James McAllister, a workman in the paper mill of Morrison & Cass, at Tyrone, while attempting to throw a 14-inch belt from a pully while in motion was caught by the belt and whirled along until coming in contact with a trough used for conveying pulp which was about three inches above the belt where it passes and where his body lodged. The machinery was stoped as quick as possible, but the unfortunate man was dead when extricated, nearly every bone in his body being broken. He was thirty-three years of age and leaves a wife and four small children.

—A novel boycott is being waged against the fire insurance companies and their agents at Bellefonte by the sufferers of the fire on June 8th. It is the result of the companies refusing to meet the policies of the owners, but demanding that they take what they choose to give, which was very much below the real loss as claimed. The result is that the companies have declared an advance of 50 per cent. on all policies laid in Bellefonte, and the property owners are organizing a boycott on the companies. A lively time is expected ere everything is settled.

—On Saturday night of last week the grist mill of Samuel Stahl, eight miles east of Indiana, was burned, the loss amounting to several thousand dollars. On last Sunday night a large barn belonging to Andy Fowler, in the same neighborhood, was destroyed. In it was stored a large amount of grain and hay, as well as $1,000 worth of agricultural implements. Last Monday night the barn of Wesley Askins, a few miles from the Fowler barn, was burned. All these fires were the work of an incendiary, who traveled on horseback, and, after applying the match, rode hastily away.

—Bellefonte had another big fire on Wednesday night of last week: The fire started in the vicinity of the Garman hotel, and owing to the high wind the flames spread rapidly. The Garman hotel, livery stable, and residences of Mr. Mingle, Dr. Dorworth, Attorney Bower, and two or three other buildings were either totally or partially destroyed. The Lutheran church was also burned. Four horses in the livery stable, together with sleighs, harness, etc., were consumed. The fire is believed to be the work of incendiaries. Loss about $25,000. This is the third fire Bellefonte has had within a few months.

—One of the latest jokes of the funny lightning rod fellows was played on farmer Schmautz, down in Beaver county. The other day two men stopped at his house and told him they would like to test his lightning rod. He permitted them to do so, and they pronounced it "no good." They said they wanted to advertise their rod in that section and would put one up for him free of charge if he would pay for the post that went into the ground. He agreed and signed what he supposed was an agreement to that effect. Next morning bright and early the men were on hand, tore down the old rod and put up a new one. Last Friday he discovered very unpleasantly that he had signed a note for $237 and that his visitors had discounted it at bank. The men are thought to be operating in Ohio at present.

—The ladies and gentlemen who composed the camping party which spent last week in the wilds of Cambria township, returned home on last Saturday night. The object of the campers was to spend a week in the woods and have a general good time, and from all accounts it was thoroughly enjoyed by all the party. Before breaking camp on Saturday evening they christened the place "Camp Clementina." The following are the names of the ladies and gentleman: Mrs. C. Porter, Misses Flo. Parrish, Maggie Lloyd, Eva Lloyd, Alice Zahm, Julia Lemmon and Birdie Roberts; Donald E Dufton, Esq., H. H. Myers, Esq., M. D. Kittell, Esq., Messrs. Geo. H. Roberts, Harry E. Fenlon, T. A. Sharbaugh and E. B. Kittell. According to the *Herald* the gentlemen belong to the "highly titled few."

Items from Lilly.

LILLY, Pa., July 18th, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN.—Sir after an absence from your columns for several weeks I thought it about time to give you a few items.

The mines are running about half time with little or no sign or expectation of them bettering.

Our genial friend E. J. Hughs of Hughs & Co., merchants here has started a dairy wagon here, those wishing good milk should purchase from him.

The school directors are making arrangements for the building of a large school house here 48 x 50, two story high. This is a step that should have been taken several years ago, as there is very nearly two hundred young America's to be taught their a, b, c,'s during the six months of free school every year.

F. C. George our genial and courteous postmaster is remodeling and repainting his house which makes a big improvement on it.

George Brandt, of the Bush House in this place, has under completion a fine residence near the P. R. R. depot, where, I suppose, he intends to engage in the same business as at present; that of keeping hotel.

Mrs. John Leahey had a very fine portico placed in front of her residence on Railroad street. She has had the portico and front of her house painted, which makes a very nice appearance.

There are some men in this place who are a disgrace to the community; they roam around town in their debauches, throwing stones at houses and behaving in a very bad manner in general. This is done under the cover of night, but the parties are known and if it is not stopped their names will be given in the next issue of your paper.

The Luthern Church at this place had a necktie festival last Saturday evening. Everything passed off quietly and all had a pleasant time. The festival was held in Thompson's Hall.

Mr. John Leahey, Jr., has purchased a lot of ground from Daniel Hagan, where he intends removing the old school house which he purchased a few days ago from the school authorities.

The borough council all met with the exception of one to see and examine a covered ditch going through the property of one of our citizens; for some cause or other one remained away, whether it was that he did not want to do anything for the borough and did not want to go back on the citizen is a matter to be yet unfolded. Show your colors friend, no harm done!

Saturday was payday here and the town was the scene of a regular riot. A regular drunken set had a time to themselves, one of the most sickening sights ever seen, faces mashed in, noses broke, arms cut, and a regular riot in general. It is to be hoped that the officers if there are any in our borough will bring the miscreants to justice, as there has been too much disturbance this while back.

Patrick Hagan who was arrested for disorderly conduct and serving a term of five days in the lockup, broke out after having served two days. Some wretch furnishing him with an ax when he demolished the cell and made good his escape to parts unknown.

A prisoner who was fined a nice little sum and would not comply with the burgess' demand thought to lay his costs and fine out in the lockup. He became unconscious, through some unaccountable reason and the door of the lock-up was broken open and the victim released. Emetics were administered which soon brought the answer and relief to the young man. After a good night's rest he is feeling better. If he would act as a gentleman he would not have to serve any term in the lock-up. Take warning, young man, or your name will appear in the columns of some paper soon.

There is a telephone company erecting poles and wire from Altoona to Bens Creek for the benefit of Altoona operators in coal as well as a fire clay company from Lilly's, Pa.

X.

The Dog Days.

The season known as the "dog days" commenced on Sunday last, the 15th instant, and will last until the 26th of August, a period of about six weeks. The rising and setting of "Sirius," or the Dog star, with the sun, has been universally regarded as the cause of the excessive heat that prevails generally at this particular season. The ancients put great faith in this legend, regarding the period of greatest heat in summer so named because in the latitude of the Mediterranean this period nearly corresponds with that in which the Dog star rose at the same time with the sun. To this conjunction all antiquity, and all the later followers of judicial astrology ascribed a malignant influence.

During this interval it is a difficult matter to keep meat, vegetables and prepared food from spoiling, as many house wives no doubt experience to their sorrow. The poor dogs that are made to bear the infamy of the source of our discomfort are perhaps allied in some manner to the extreme heat of the interval, but they, as well as human beings share alike the afflictions which are at this season common. Dogs at this season are supposed to be more susceptible to rabidness than at any other time, although there is no perceptible difference between the condition of the sun before and after the season commences.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively scure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sholoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Summer Trips on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

People who are so fortunate as to live on or near the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad enjoy rare privileges in their facilities for making short and pleasant trips to some of the most attractive summer resorts in the land. Its extended system penetrates the highlands and mountains, and runs down to the sea, affording in its course a wide diversity of scenery and a choice range of climate.

First among the mountain refuges is Cresson Springs, with its grand hotel, the Mountain House, its celebrated waters, fine climate, and romantic surroundings. The highlands are represented by Luray, with its wonderful caverns and hardly less famous Luray Inn, and the Natural Bridge, second only to the Giants Causeway in point of prominence as a natural wonder.

In seashore territory the Pennsylvania lines are unusually rich. That territory is bounded only by the confines of the Jersey coast, which from Sandy Hook to Cape May is one unbroken series of smiling summer cities.

The "upper coast" offers Long Branch, the gay capital of fashion, with its immence hotels, princely villas, grand boulevards, and its great race course; Hollywood, a fairy realm by the sea; Elberon, where Garfield gazed on the blue deep in his last moments; Deal Beach, quiet and pretty; Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, the home of pleasure-seekers as well as of religious workers; Key East, where metaphysicians solve knotty problems amid the sea breezes; Ocean Beach, calm and home-like; Como, with its sparkling lake and new cottages; Spring Lake, rarely beautiful; Sea Girt, appropriately named; Manasquan, a modernized summer town built up among the quaint fishing huts of Squan village; Brielle, bright with gabled cottages; Point Pleasant, an upland village transplanted on the sea; Bay Head, young but vigorous; Mantoloking, Chadwick, Lavalette, Ortley, Berkeley, Seaside Park, all washed on one side by the sea on the other by Barnegat Bay, where fishermen thrive and are merry with big catches. On the border between the upper and the middle is Island Heights, the serene and beautiful home of happy cottagers, and Tom's River, a quaint old town of ancient homes, wide streets, and spreading trees.

The middle coast has as its chief representatives Barnegat City and Beach Haven, one celebrated for the abundance, variety, and excellence of its fish, the other as a pleasant and unpretentious seaside resting place.

The lower cost begins at Atlantic City, the people's great pleasure ground; thence down the shore is South Atlantic City, a pretty suburb of the older town; Longport, in the very midst of the waters; Somer's Point, the fishermen's home; Ocean City, the growing seat of seaside Methodism; Sea Isle City, with its great beach, pretty cottages, and handsome hotels; Avalon, a new and promising candidate for popular favor; Anglesea, Wildwood, and Holly Beaches, all additionally attractive by the grand groves, which grow from the water's edge; Cape May, the "Queen of the Coast," with its magnificent beach, great hotels, athletic grounds, and driving park, and attractiveness in everything. The bright chain comes to an end at Cape May Point, which divides the waters of the Delaware from those of the Atlantic.

On the Delaware coast is Rehoboth, possessing one of the finest beaches on the Atlantic; Ocean City, Maryland, a quiet and popular resort; and further south Old Point Comfort, equally attractive in summer and winter. This is a galaxy of pleasant places that cannot be surpassed in the world, and with the individual attractions each possesses it would be a fastidious and exclusive taste indeed that could not find satisfaction in some of them.

Excursion tickets to each point mentioned are on sale at the principal stations of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the lowness of the rates and liberality of return limit brings a delightful vacation trip within the power of every one.

A Delightful Vacation Trip.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company's select excursion of July 26th, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, or Ocean City is one of the choicest events of the summer season. Every one who intends to take a short holliday can select from this list of places a point that will afford all the pleasure to be enjoyed by the sea. The rate, too, is so low that no one need hesitate, and the limit of return trip is so liberal that it well fills the average vacation period. A special train, running on the schedule given below, will carry the party, and the round-trip tickets, good for ten days, will be sold at the rates quoted:—

	Rate.	Train Leaves.
Johnstown	$9.25	11.08 A. M.
Cresson	8.50	11.57 "
Altoona	8.00	1.05 "

The party will rest in Philadelphia the night of the 26th, and proceed to the seashore by any regular train of the succeeding day. The tickets will be good to return by any regular train within ten days, except New York and Chicago Limited.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the weeks ending Wednesday, July 18, 1888:

Peter Mehalco and Mary Nemet, Cambria.

Peter Draskozi and Elizabeth Bellek, Cambria.

John Westover, Susquehanna township, and Tina Kirkpatrick, Carroll township.

William Killinger, Gallitzin, and Margaret E. McCloskey, Tunnelhill.

Samuel S. Gallagher and Sarah Ann Gates, Reade township.

Lewis Bloch, East Conemaugh, and Jemina Reighard, East Taylor township.

A. H. Mikesell, Homer City, Indiana county, and Nettie Ralston, Cherryhill township, Indiana county.

James M. Bagley, Morrellville and Eunice Horner, Lower Yoder township.

Frederick Kuehne and Annie Gertrude Fritz, Johnstown.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shilohs' Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison.

Died.

SHOEMAKER.—Died on Sunday morning, July 15th, 1888, Hilda Shoemaker, infant daughter of Harry A. and Lydia Shoemaker, aged seven months.

I Was

Troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in my head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through by nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health.—C. J. Corbin, Field Manager Philadelphia Publishing House, Pa.

I am on my second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, being a sufferer from catarrh since I was a child, but with this medicine I am being cured.—Wm. L. Dayton, Brooklyn.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will sell at a big bargain and on easy terms one Six-Horse Power Springfield Engine and Thresher, as good as new. Call on or address, J. W. Sharbaugh or Thomas Switzler, Carrolltown, Pa.
June 29, 1888.-3t.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Cresson Springs company will be held at the Mountain House, Cresson, Pa., on Tuesday, August 7th, 1888, at 9 o'clock, A. M. Election for president and directors same day and place.
JAMES R. McCLURE,
Cresson, July 13, 1888.-3t. Secretary.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Whereas, letters testamentary to the estate of Catharine McAteer, late of Washington township, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the estate of the decedent will make known the same without delay.
F. M. GEORGE,
Executor.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Bazil Bender, deceased, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to
TERESA BENDER,
Adm'x of Bazil Bender, deceased.
Hemlock, Pa., June 22, '88.-6t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John H. Fiske and Mary his wife, of White Township, Cambria County, have made an assignment of all the estate, real and personal, of the said John H. Fiske to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said John H. Fiske are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them to me properly authenticated for settlement.
M. D. KITTELL,
Assignee of John H. Fiske, et ux.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 8, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Joseph Noel, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration of the estate of Joseph Noel, late of Munster township, county of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims will present them, properly authenticated for settlement, to
JOHN J. NOEL, Adm'r.
Munster, Pa., June 1, 1888.-6t.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Estate of Peter Flick, deceased.
Letters of administration upon the estate of Peter Flick, late of Portage township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, those indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same are requested to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CHRISTINA FLICK, Adm'x,
Portage, June 1, 1888-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Cambria county, to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the first and partial account of William Warner, surviving administrator of John Warner, deceased, hereby give notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, on Monday, the 6th day of August, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., to discharge the duties of his appointment at which time and place all persons interested may attend.
DONALD E. DUFTON,
Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 29, 1888.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to distribute the fund in the hands of Samuel Reed, executor of Ann E. Bracken, deceased, as shown by his first and final account, to and amongst the persons legally entitled thereto. Notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Thursday, August 9th, 1888, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.
E. G. KERR,
July 13, 1888.—3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., to distribute the funds in the hands of Joseph Tomblinson, committee of John Naught, a lunatic, as shown by his first and final account, to and amongst the persons legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Tuesday, August 7th, 1888, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.
E. G. KERR.
July 13, 1888.-3t. Auditor.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber will sell at private sale a water power saw mill with from one to five acres of ground situated in Elder township, Cambria county, Pa. The mill has a 16 feet over shot wheel, a circular saw, is in good condition and is located about one-half mile from the new town of Hastings, on the Brubaker railroad, and within a quarter of a mile of the railroad and a branch of the railroad is located running within five rods of the mill. The mill is surrounded with a fine lot of timber, yet to cut. For a good investment, this is a rare opportunity. Call on or address the subscriber on the premises.
SEBASTIAN HOLTZ.
Elder township, April 27, 1888.—3m.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Cambria County. In the matter of the proceedings in partition in the estate of John E Evans, deceased.
The undersigned auditor appointed by said Court to ascertain whether there are any liens or encumbrances on the real estate affecting the interest of the parties, also to ascertain advancements and make distribution among the heirs and parties in interest hereby give notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, on Wednesday the 1st day of August, 1888 at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of his appointment at which time and place all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred.
DONALD E. DUFTON.
Auditor.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 29, 1888.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, A. J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story-plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 75 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warrantee deed guaranteed.
MARY FURY,
ANN FURY,
June 1st. Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR CHARTER of Incorporation. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on July 16th, 1888, by F. J. Christy, T. S. Troxel, Joseph Bengle, Fred Ehrenfelt and James W. Kilduff, under the Act of Assembly approved April 29th, 1874, entitled "an act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Gallitzin Water Company, Limited," the charter and object of which is to supply water in the borough of Gallitzin, in the county of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.
M. D. KITTELL, Solicitor.
Ebensburg, Pa., June 22, 1888.-3t.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership lately subsisting between John Sellers, A. B. Ricks, James Gardner, B. F. Wise, J. C. Wise and W. D. Wise, of Summerhill, Cambria county, Pa., and doing lumber business on the Garman tract, in Jackson township, Cambria county, Pa., under the firm name of Wise, Sellers & Co., was dissolved on the 21st day of June, 1888, by mutual consent. All debts owning to the said partnership are to be received by said B. F. Wise, and all demands on the said partnership are to be presented to said B. F. Wise, who is to pay and settle debts due to and by the company. B. F. Wise, J. C. Wise, and W. D. Wise under the name and style of Wise Brothers, Summerhill, Cambria county, Pa.
B. F. WISE.
J. C. WISE.
W. D. WISE.
Summerhill, June 29, 1888.-3t.

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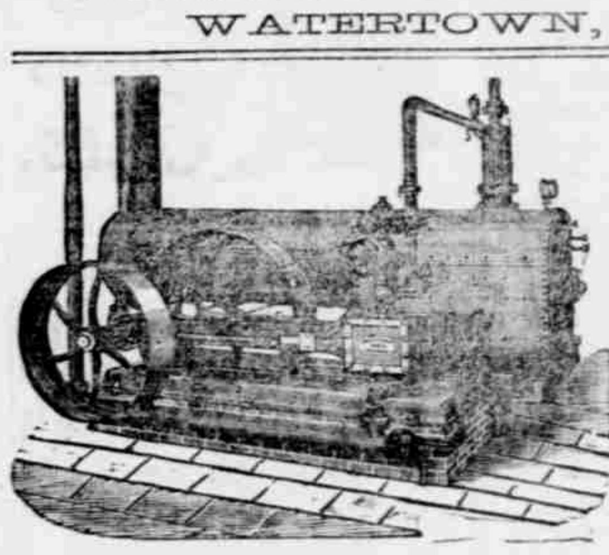

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MONROE Bros.,
Central Way and Jefferson Street,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

Notice is hereby given that the COUNTY TREASURER of Cambria County will attend, for the purpose of receiving County and State Taxes assessed for the year 1888, at the places of holding the elections in the respective districts, on the dates mentioned below:

South Fork	July 16th.
Croyle Township	July 17th.
Wilmore	July 18th.
Summerhill	July 19th.
Portage	July 20th.
Lilly and Washington, No. 1	July 23d.
Tunnelhill Borough	July 24th.
Gallitzin	July 25th.
Washington Township, No. 2	July 26th.
Munster	July 27th.
Barr Township	July 30th.
Susquehanna Township	July 31st.
Elder Township	August 1st
Carrolltown	August 2d.
Carroll Township	August 3d.
Clearfield Township	August 6th.
Dean Township	August 7th.
Reade Township	August 8th.
White Township	August 9th.
Chest Township	August 10th.
Chest Springs	August 13th.
Ashville	August 14th.
Gallitzin Township	August 15th.
Allegheny Township	August 16th.
Loretto	August 17th.
Blacklick Township	August 20th.
Cambria Township	August 21st.
Ebensburg, East Ward	August 22d.
Ebensburg, West Ward	August 23d.
East Conemaugh	July 16th.
Franklin	July 17th.
Woodvale	July 18th.
Conemaugh, 1st Ward	July 19th.
Conemaugh, 2d Ward	July 20th.
Johnstown, 1st Ward	July 23d.
" 2d Ward	July 24th.
" 3d Ward	July 25th.
" 4th Ward	July 26th.
" 5th Ward	July 27th.
" 6th Ward	July 30th.
" 7th Ward	July 31st.
Millville, 1st Ward	August 1st.
Millville, 2d Ward	August 2d.
Cambria, 1st Ward	August 3d.
Cambria, 2d Ward	August 6th.
Coopersdale	August 7th.
Prospect	August 8th.
Grubbtown	August 9th.
Jackson Township	August 10th.
Upper Yoder	August 13th.
Taylor, East	August 14th.
Taylor, West	August 15th.
Conemaugh Township	August 16th.
Stony Creek Township	August 17th.
Adams Township	August 20th.
Richland Township	August 21st.
Lower Yoder	August 22d.

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all Taxes paid on or before September 1st, and after October 1st 5 per cent. will be added on all unpaid.
THOS. E. HOWE,
County Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office Ebensburg, May 23, 1888.

THE
CAMBRIA FREEMAN,
Ebensburg, Penn'a.,
$1.50 Per Year $1.50

The coming National Campaign will an exciting as well as interesting one and no person should be without a good newspaper. The CAMBRIA FREEMAN will faithfully chronicle all national and local events and will give its readers all the news. The price is within the reach of all and no person can afford to be without it.

A TIP TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and reliable circulation of the FREEMAN (1,200) commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers and their favors will be inserted at the lowest rates. The FREEMAN is read weekly by about 2,000 people.

THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

connected with the FREEMAN, is one of the most complete in the county. Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Envelopes, Circulars, Dodgers, Posters, Programmes, etc., etc., will be printed on short notice, in the latest styles and at the most reasonable prices.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

Cut This Out & Return to us with TEN CTS. Silver, & you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY in One Month than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Neither Box. No capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St. N. York.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!
COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

What Medical Men Say.

Superintendents of Hospitals and the Faculty in general have, over their own signatures, endorsed, for purity, age and quality, the now well-known stimulant,

KLEIN'S SILVER AGE,

The price is within the reach of most anyone, being only $1.50 for a full quart. You can also get the following well known brands, never less than six years old: Finch's, Gibson's or Guckenheimers. Full quarts, $1 each, or six quarts for $5, neatly packed and sent anywhere. Send the money, that I may ship to you direct and obedient to all laws. Address
MAX KLEIN,
Dealer in Rye Whiskies,
May 11, '88, 1 yr. Allegheny, Pa.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

WOOL! WOOL!

WM. MURRAY & SON want you to bring your wool to Altoona and get the highest market price, either CASH or TRADE. We have the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets in Central Pennsylvania to select from.
WM. MURRAY & SON,
1315 and 1317 Eleventh Ave.,
June 8th, 1888.-3m. Altoona, Pa.

AGENTS
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To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. 3teow.

WE WANT YOU!
To send us 40 cents
for one of our

6-in. FARM WRENCHES.
Light, Handy and Strong, will Outwear and Outlast two Ordinary Wrenches.
YOU WANT
AN ELLRICH
Household S. D. Set.

This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw-drivers and 2 chisels) fitting same; all packed in a neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.60.

Ask Your Local Dealer

for them, if he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. *Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue.*

ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

DR. DIX'S CELEBRATED FEMALE POWDERS are safe and always effectual. [illegible] American [illegible]. Guaranteed superior to all other remedies, or cash refunded. Sent by mail, $1. Particulars 4c. Dr. Dix, 37 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Life of HENRY WARD BEECHER bound in cloth and gold, [illegible] illustrated, giving his life from his birth to his death. Price One Dollar. Expressage prepaid.
UNION BOOK CO.,
Station G., Brooklyn, N. Y.

How We Catch Cold.

Cold is not the only factor in the production of catarrh. There is a collateral cause, and a most important one, in certain depressed conditions of the nervous system, which is too litttle known and appreciated. In healthy conditions of the nervous system, provided reasonable precautions are taken against cold, there is enough vitality in the organism to resist its injurious influence. The nervous system is, in fact, the guardian, controller and prime regulator of animal heat or body temperature, and its slightest failure to fulfil its responsible duties—the least relaxation of its constant vigilance—renders us liable to fall a prey to cold.

The following suppositious cases will afford an illustration:

An individual who habitually drives about in an open conveyance, with perfect freedom from catarrh, happens on one occasion to fall asleep, when he is out, and the very next day has a cold. The explanation of the phenomeon is to be found in the fact that during sleep nervous energy is lowered and the sys[illegible] are less able to withstand the effects of cold. If we assume the depressed individual was also in a state of intoxication at the time, the damage [illegible] would be more serious, as the depression by alcohol is superadded [illegible] of sleep. It is, therefore, not [illegible]sing to find that inflammation of lungs is frequently contracted under such circumstances. We instinctively acknowledge the nervous depression during sleep by taking the precaution to throw a rug over the knees before our forty winks on the dining room sofa.

A timid woman comes home some night pale and ghastly with fright, having encountered a "ghost." In a day or two she develops a cold, for which she cannot in any way account. Fear acts as a depressant to the nervous system, crippling its powers of resisting the action of cold; hence the phrase, "shivering with fear."

Similar innumerable events of daily life tend to irritate, depress or excite the nerves, and render them unfit for maintaining the body temperature against the fluctuations of weather and climate. During these unguarded moments a trifling exposure to cold or damp is sufficient to induce catarrh. It is known that stout boots, umbrellas and wraps, though preventives in their way, are not by any means the only precautionary measures to be adopted; that we must endeavor to strengthen the nervous system, if it be defective, and that when we are compelled to expose ourselves to cold or wet when the nerves are depressed from temporary causes, such as fatigue, anxiety, grief, dyspepsia or ill humor, we should be especially careful to guard against cold.

Story of a Headless Man.

We have observed several wonderful stories of the Chisese executioners, who, it is said, can strike off the heads of their victims so skillfully that the poor fellows themselves never discover their loss until a moment or two after they are dead. We recall to mind, however, the story of a German executioner who far surpassed the Chinese in professional dexterity. Upon one occasion it happened that a criminal had a singular itching to play at nine-pins, and he implored permission to play once more at his favorite game before he died. Then, he said, he would submit to his fate without a murmur. The judge, thinking there could be no harm in humoring him, granted his last prayer, and upon arriving at the place of execution he found everything prepared for the game, the pins being set up and the balls all ready. He commenced his favorite sport with enthusiasm. After awhile the sheriff observing that he showed no inclination to desist, made a sign to the executioner to strike the fatal blow while he stooped for a bowl. The executioner did so, but with such exquisite dexterity that the culprit did not notice or feel it. He thought, indeed, that a cold breath of air was blowing on his neck, and drawing himself back with a shrug, his head dropped forward into his hands. He naturally supposed that it was a bowl which he had grapsed, and seizing it firmly, rolled it at the pins. All of them fell, and the head was heard to exclaim, as it rebounded from the farther wall: "Hurrah! I've won the game."

A Remarkable Wagon.

A remarkable wagon has been invented in the far West. It has four wheels of equal size, and perhaps, five feet in diameter, on which to run. Above the hind wheels are seats for passengers and a bed for freight. In front of this bed and attached to the forward axle are cog and balance wheels, and above them, on a frame is a large cog wheel, one revolution of which turns a small cog wheel fastened to the axle a dozen or more times.

The inventor's theory was that when the wagon was once set in motion its speed would be accelerated by its own motion, and that the only trouble would be in preventing it from running too fast. To keep it from running away with itself, across valleys and over mountains, and never stopping until worn out, brakes were arranged to control it, and a steering apparatus was fixed over the wheels within reach of the driver.

Much was expected of the machine by the inventor, who was positive it would outrun a locomotive across the desert, and revolutionize the carrying trade, as neither fuel nor power of any kind was required to keep it going when once started.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Science emerging from Darkness.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.
GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.
A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine.

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE
For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1888.-1y.

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DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

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NEW HOME
SEWING MACHINE
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CURES COUGHS AND COLDS
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION
All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

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ITS SCOPE.—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE gives preference to national topics and scenes, and its literature and art are of the highest standard. Famous American writers fill its pages with a wide variety of interesting sketches of travel and adventure, serial and short stories, descriptive accounts of our famous countrymen and women, brief essays on the foremost problems of the period, and, in short, this Magazine is

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It is acknowledged by the press and public to be the most popular and entertaining of the high-class monthlies.

IMPORTANT. A Specimen Number, with Illustrated Premium List, and Special Inducements in Cash or Valuable Premiums to Club Raisers, will be sent on receipt of 15c., if this paper is mentioned.

Responsible and energetic persons wanted to solicit subscriptions. Write at once for exclusive territory.
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THE "OPERA" PIANO,
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PEEK & SON.
(Established 1850)
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The "Opera" Piano is a strictly first-class instrument, fully warranted for five years. The most perfect instrument in the market and the
Most Moderate in Price.
Catalogue, Terms, Prices, and full Information by mail.
Special inducements to readers of this paper.
Our Cottage Upright is a marvel of beauty, and the highest grade of excellency.
It will pay to write us.
(MENTION THIS PAPER.)

LAST OPPORTUNITY!
For CHEAP EXCURSION To
CALIFORNIA.
$72 from St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route
$60 from Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Ry
Tickets are good for six months, limited to sixty days for going passage with stop over privileges at pleasure within limit of west-bound passage. Special excursion trains leave St. Louis via. Iron Mountain Route, February 16th and Kansas City via. Missouri Pacific Railway, February 17th. All coupon offices in the United States and Canada will sell tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco for this EXCURSION.

Interfering in Horses.

The subject of interfering naturally interests a good may owners of horses and should interest shoers to that extent that they will give it enough attention to be able to overcome it in most cases. There are several reasons why horses interfere; one is particularly with colts and young horses, too much work in a given time, either on the road and farm, especially in hot weather; another is, too little nourishing food for the animal that is asked to do so much work in a given time; but the greatest reason, I freely admit, says G. H. Quinby, in the New Hampshire *Mirror*, is improper shoing, for of all the bungling that I have ever seen in shoeing the greatest has been in regard to interfering. When I commenced to shoe horses I was taught to pare the feet the lowest on the outside, the idea being that by so doing the ankles would be further to one side, so that the opposite foot could pass it without hitting. The first case of interfering that I had I adopted the above plan. The horse struck more than ever. I then used shoes with the inside much thicker than the outside, so as to tip the feet out still more. The result was that the horse interfered more yet.

I then concluded it was about time to make use of my own brains, and after considering the subject I decided to pare the feet level and to use a common light shoe; the horse immediately stopped striking its ankles and never struck afterwards. My judgment is that the canting of the feet out throws the horse off his balance each step he takes, and the recovering of his balance causes him to strike his ankles, and my experience of fifteen years has proven it. I am indebted to the contennial exhibition held at Philadelphia 1875 for the best idea to prevent interfering. In the government building was a department devoted to the horse, showing several skeletons, a great variety of horseshoes, one of which illustrated the idea that I am to speak of. The shoe was similar to the common ones except the creasing and the position of the nail holes. The ouside crease, instead of stopping as it usually does, continued clear around the toe and stopped just back of the first nail hole on the inside, so that there were seven nails used, four on the outside; two at the toe, and one on the inside; the idea being not to have any nails on the inside of the hoof, and consequently no clinches to start up and cut the opposite ankle with.

This form of a shoe I adopt for extreme cases. I usually make the outside the heaviest, and have the shoe as light as possible. The shoe must be fitted perfectly to the hoof at the outside and toe where the nails are. The inside should be set under a little, so as to straighten the hoof a little at the widest part. The advantage of this kind of shoeing is that it leaves the inside of the hoof in its natural state, which is, in a sound foot, perfectly smooth surface will not cut hairs or skin on the ankle of a horse. For winter shoeing place the toe calk just back of the grease. For summer shoeing I use no calks on driving horses, and frequently cut the inside branch of the shoe off just back of the nail hole. When I do this I use thin shoes, so that the foot will stand about level. Shoes driven on according to the shovel plan will not stay on as long as by the common one, but they will stay long enough, for the horses that interfere should be shod often, so that their feet will not get too large, fur the wider the hoofs are the more liable they will be to strike. The shoes should be nicely filed up, so that there will be no rough edges to come in contact with the opposite ankles or knees.

Fit the shoes to the feet, with the exception of straightening the hoof a little as above mentioned, and do not allow the inside branch of the shoe to set out at the heel or to be longer than the outside branch. If the Creator had designed an addition to be built on that part of the hoof He would have placed it there. When I use common shoes on horses that are liable to strike, I use only three nails on the inside, as the fourth nail comes at the part of the hoof with which the horse strikes the opposite ankle; sometimes I leave out the third, only using two on the inside. Most of these remarks refer to shoeing the hind feet. For horses that are much given to striking with the front feet I use the shoe that is creased and nailed at the toe, as I know of no other way to prevent some horses from cutting their ankles.

There are classes of men whose horses I do not expect to shoe so that they will not interfere. One will call the sooner class; if I do not shoe their horses so that they will stop striking immediately, they will rush off to some other shop, not thinking that it is much harder to correct an evil than it is to prevent it. The other is the wise class, who assume to know all about shoeing horses but really know very little; this class wish to dictate the shoeing and consequently must abide the result. I will add that colts frequently intefere before they are shod on account of their feet being grown to an unnatural length. This can be avoided by having them trimmed before using.

No delay should occur in going to work on the apple trees to destroy the caterpillars, as they will quickly festoon the trees with their webs. The sooner they shall be removed the easier the the work, as the young worms can now be caught in the webs.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

ONE of the plans by which the Indians hunted the buffalo was by stampeding a herd and driving them over a steep precipice to sure death below.

IF you do not wish cloudy, lifeless ground in the Spring keep the cattle off of the fields when the soil is soft.

IF a man looks stern, are his eyes behind?

LACTATED FOOD
150 Meals for $1.00
FOR INFANTS and INVALIDS
THE PHYSICIAN'S FAVORITE.
Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.
BABIES CRY FOR IT. INVALIDS RELISH IT.
Perfectly Nourishes a Baby with or without the addition of milk.
Three Sizes. 25c. 50c. $1.00.
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," free.

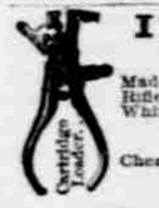
It Saved my Child's Life.
"When my child was born, the doctor ordered one of the other Foods. She ate that until she nearly died. I had three doctors, who said the trouble was Indigestion, and ordered the food changed to Lactated Food. It saved my child's life, and I owe you many thanks for it. I regard your Food as invaluable, and superior to all other artificial food for babies.
MRS. A. J. BENFIELD,
Boston, Mass.
15 Indiana Place.

It Has No Equal.
"We are using in our nursery (containing forty infants) your Lactated Food, and find it far superior to all other food which has been used during the past ten years that I have been visiting physician. The Sisters of Charity, who have charge of the institution, say it has no equal."
W. E. DE COURCY, M. D.,
St. Joseph's Foundling Asylum,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.

PROTECT YOUR HOMES!
MARLIN DOUBLE ACTION REVOLVER.
A GOOD REVOLVER no longer costs a Fortune
These revolvers are an exact duplicate of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON.
.38 Caliber, using Centre-Fire Cartridges.
Self-Cocking, Automatic Ejecting,
FULL NICKEL PLATED, RUBBER HANDLE.
WARRANTED EQUAL IN EVERY RESPECT TO THE SMITH & WESSON.
For sale by Hardware and Gun Dealers everywhere.
Manufactured by THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.

BEST IN THE WORLD!
MARLIN Magazine Rifle.
For large or small game, all sizes. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed, and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market.
BALLARD GALLERY, SPORTING AND TARGET RIFLES, world renowned. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn.


Cartridge Loader.

Paper Shot-Shell Closer.
Sample, by mail, 60c.

IDEAL RELOADING TOOLS
WILL SAVE ONE-HALF THE COST OF AMMUNITION.
Made for all sizes of Cartridges which are used in any of the following Rifles or Pistols: Marlin, Colt's, Winchester, Ballard, Stevens, Remington, Whitney-Kennedy, Smith & Wesson; also for all gauges and makes of
SHOT GUN SHELLS, PAPER AND BRASS.
Cheaper and better than any other. Send for Price List of these tools to
Ideal Manufacturing Company,
Box 1064 G. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

JOHNSON & STOKES' GARDEN and FARM MANUAL
for 1888, will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Catalogue with Colored Plates, and the FINEST COLLECTION OF SEEDS ever offered. Our specialty is supplying MARKET GARDENERS with varieties specially adapted to their purposes, and all TOOLS necessary to manage a complete garden. If you grow VEGETABLES FOR MARKET, tell us so when you send for our Catalogue.
SEEDS
JOHNSON & STOKES, 219 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OILS! OILS!
The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade, the finest brands of
Illuminating: and: Lubricating: Oils,
NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE
THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLIUM.
If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours.
Trade for Ebensburg and Vicinity Supplied by
V. S. Barker & Bro.,
Ebensburg, Pa.

NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING.
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a ca and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

ADVERTISERS by addressing GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., New York, can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of Advertising in American Newspapers. 100-page pamphlet, 10c

PAINTS.
Dry, Ground in Oil and Ready-Mixed.
We guarantee every Package bearing our firm name, and will REPAINT where satisfaction is not given.
Sterling Ready-Mixed Paint.
40 Beautiful Colors.
MARBLEINE, SUPERIOR TO KALSOMINE.
24 Exquisite Tints.
Perfect Imitations OF NATURAL WOOD. 6 Colors. WOOD STAINS.
Unique Coach Paints,
9 COLORS.
PAINTS and VARNISH in ONE APPLICATION, AT A COST OF 50 CENTS FOR A BUGGY.
Harness Oil, &c., &c.,
SAMPLE CARDS FREE.
The Wm. B. Price Mfg. Co.,
347 WARREN AVENUE,
BALTIMORE, Md.

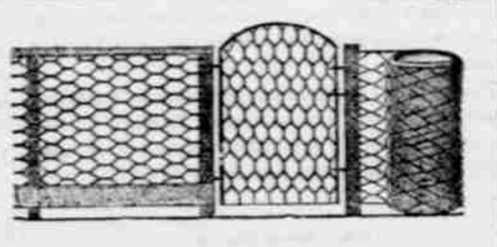
WE want SALESMEN everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age.
(Refer to this paper.)
SNELL & HOWLAND,
Rochester, N. Y.
April 6, 1888.-8t.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

BESSEMER
BOOT
WEARS LIKE STEEL
H. CHILDS & CO
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SOLE LEATHER COUNTER
WILL NOT RUN OVER
ALL SOLID LEATHER
EVERY PAIR WARRANTED
H. CHILDS & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

KENTUCKY MULES.
The only firm in Penn'a who make a speciality of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four foot to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Arnheim & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.



STEEL WIRE FENCE.
The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Also, all kinds of Wire Work. Write for Prices. State kind and quality of fence wanted. Manufacturers of Fire Escapes and Iron Work.
TAYLOR & DEAN,
203 & 205 Market Street, Pittsburg, Pa.
March 23, 1888.-6m.

SALESMEN WANTED
to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age.
CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY.
(Refer to this paper.)
Rochester, N. Y.

I. P. Thomas & Son's,
BONE FERTILIZERS
Contain all the valuable elements of stable manure in a concentrated form. Specially prepared for all crops. They are manufactured for results—permanent results. They cannot be beaten in the field.
OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.
MANUFACTURED BY
I. P. THOMAS & SON,
Philadelphia, Penn'a.
FOR SALE BY
W. J. ANSTEAD, Johnstown,
JOSEPH A. NOEL, Ebensburg.
March 3d, 2m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.
THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

The Haunted Clock.

In a farm-house near Devon, Pa., there is a haunted clock, with a weird legend of revolutionary times connected with it. A cold-blooded murder of a drummer is in the legend, and once a year "the clock acts strangely" and can not be made to go. This is a true bill, you understand and I believe the story. I know that "haunted clock." I have met it in a Pennsylvania tavern more than once. Only the legend doesn't do the haunted clock full justice. Not only once a year, on the anniversary of the drummer's death, does it "act strangely." It acts strangely all the time. It chokes and gurgles in ghastly gutterals for about five minutes before it strikes, and heard, in the dead of night, these awful sounds petrify the terrified guest with horror, for he firmly believes that the man in the next room is hanging himself with his suspenders. When the haunted clock strikes eleven, it starts of wiih ponderous solemnity and strikes six. Then it stops, groans twice, gurgles, makes a muffled noise with something that needs oiling, strkes one wheezes and goes to sleep. About 11:30, however, it wakes up, grunts, sneezes twice, strikes the other four, and, with a hollow groan goes on its limping with tick tocks, of alternating loudness and softness, sometimes falling asleep and missing two or three ticks altogether, always waking with a start and tick tocking very loudly for the next minute. And then, along in the afternoon, when you are anxious to go to the station to catch the five o'clock train, the hour hand points to three and the minute hand is at five and the clock strikes nine, you know it is a quarter past six and your train has gone more than an hour ago. There is also a calendar on this clock, showing the days of the week and the months, but it is stuck fast between Monday and Tuesday at the 31st of January, and there is a hole in the dial where a moon shows itself in the full dark all the year round. O, it is sure 'nough haunted clock. I've seen it, many a time, and have missed more trains by it than there are spooks in Virginia or "thengs" in Indiana. Everybody about the hotel "sets" that clock. The landlord looks at it about once or twice a week and sets it by a silver watch that looks like a slung-shot. Then by and by the oldest boy comes along and sets it by the school bell, which rings about nine o'clock. Then the porter-hostler comes along and sets it "by the sun." And, finally, the landlady comes in and sets it "by guess." And the old clock, remarking, "None of these things move me," haunts on in the same distracted, time-killing old way as of old.

The Perfect Horse.

The perfect horse is yet to be foaled, and we must take facts as they are, and not expect to find all good qualities in one horse. In dealing with a stranger rely largely upon your own judgment, and endeavor not to be misled by any questionable statements he may make. See that the horse stands squarely on its feet, and that it does not toe out behind, or toe in forward. Run your hand slowly and carefully down the inside of each leg; if there is a bunch there you will feel it. See that the feet are sound and well spread. A dark hoof, if sound, is always preferable to to a white or streaked one. Look sharp at the eye. A bright, full eye denotes spirit; a mild, pleasant eye, with a brownish cast, indicates a pleasant, affectionate disposition, while an eye with a good deal of white denotes temper. There is perhaps no other way to judge a horse's disposition so well as by a careful study of his eyes, and too much importance cannot well be attached to the necessity of a good dispotion. In every case, take a bill of the horse, written by the seller himself, with the horse described therein as sound or unsound. If a buyer is personally acquainted with any reliable person who has a satisfactory horse for sale, it is better to purchase of him, even though it may cost more. Nearly every man feels indignant at the suggestion that he is not competent to handle any horse, while the fact is this: "That after you and I are taken out of the list, there remain comparatively few men really competent to handle a fine, high-strung, nervous horse, although it may not be in the least vicious." Many a man has made a serious mistake by getting more horseflesh than he can handle. He may lack the patience required with a wide-awake horse.

Origin of the Bandana.

The word bandana, now made popular by Mr. A. G. Thurman's nomication for the Vice Presidency—for he is in the habit of using red bandanas—is—of Hindustani origin, where bandhu means something tied up or bound, the syllable band being the same as ours, and having reference to the binding of the fabric in the dye-tub so as to prevent the bound part from being touched by the rich yellow or red dye that was used in the silk or cotton fabrics intended for headwear or neckerchiefs. The Portuguese were the first Europeans to carry bandanas home, and found a ready market for them. European sailors from the earliest times supplied themselves with bandanas in the ports of East India. Cheap imitations of the Indian fabrics are manufactured in Great Britain. Bandanas are especially popular with Southern negroes, and Mr. Thurman's preference for the red bandanas may be due to his Virginia birth. Some twenty or thirty years ago silk handkerchiefs of bandana kind were popular with many gentlemen. But the English language adopted the word as early as 1750; it was introduced by sailors and other travelers, became popular through the literature of India, and was used by Thackeray in the "Newcomes" (i, 39.)

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

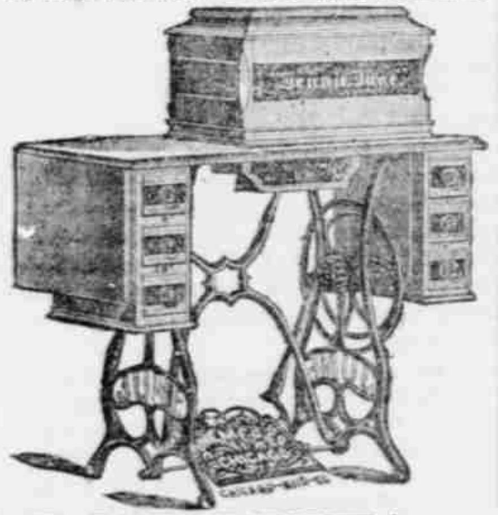
KEEP the furrows both in the orchard and the garden open so that the surface water can drain easily.

A FINE PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY
FINZER'S Old Honesty
COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT
AND IS KNOWN AS A
Standard Brand
AMONG DEALERS
WE ARE SURE THAT ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS MERITS
LOOK FOR THIS TAG ON EACH PLUG
FINZER'S OLD HONESTY
JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS

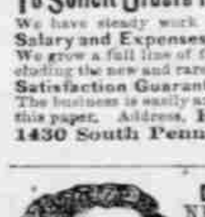
Carriage Making in all its Branches.
Painting, Trimming
and REPAIRING of all kinds done on the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage smith shop connected
All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.
D. M. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT
—HIGH ARM—
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.

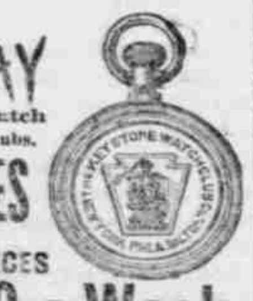


The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JUNE MANUFACTURING CO.
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED
To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men.
Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if Preferred.
We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock, including the new and rare sorts. Everything strictly first-class.
Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents.
The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
1430 South Penn Square, Philadelphia, Pa.



DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.
A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.



THE BEST WAY
To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.
FINE WATCHES
AT THE
LOWEST CASH PRICES
Only $1.00 a Week.
Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.
This is the *Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient*, and *only* co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only *Dust and Dampproof Movements* made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with GENUINE RUBIES. The *Patent Stem Wind and Set* is the strongest and simplest made. *They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.* Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.
THE KEYSTONE WATCH CLUB CO.,
926 Chestnut St.,
P. O. Box 928. Phila. Pa.
We refer to any Commercial Agency.
AGENTS WANTED.
Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY
WE WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Baltimore counts on 1,000,000 population ten years hence.

A wax monument of Gen. Grant is on exhibition in New York.

The Queen of Denmark is very deaf but passionately fond of music.

Figures on the corset production properly come under the head of statistics.

There are said to be several churches in Illinois without a single male member.

A Rochester woman has not looked into a mirror for twenty years. She is blind.

Talmage says the routine prayer of a clergyman in church shouldn't be answered.

Russell Sage once lost a wallet containing $44,000 and a clergyman found it and restored it.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name don't have it engraved on your umbrella.

Lawn tennis bats made from trees felled by Mr. Gladstone are becoming fashionale and popular.

The largest cotton mill in the world is in Russia. It gives employment to 7,000 hands.

The official report on Russia for 1886 shows that the population of the empire is 109,000,000.

A violin made of clay is now on exhibition in Berlin It is said to have a strong and full tone.

Knowledge is the accumulation of facts and ideas; but education is the improvement of experience.

A circular is abundantly signed by the eldest sons of peers, asking for a reformation of the house of lords.

Millions of caterpillars are eating the blossoms of fruit trees and shrubs in Victoria, B. C., and neighborhood.

If the women are to go to Congress, let the women be married women. It won't do for us to be miss-represented.

Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, has grown so fleshy of late years that she is now the largest woman in that country.

Mr. Smith Hinckens, of Laurel, Del., who lacks but two years of being a centenarian, is cutting a new set of teeth.

Wood is now a popular fuel in San Francisco and other parts of California, due to the great advance in the price of coal.

A minister in California has been fined $50 for whipping his boy, who went to a base-ball match instead of going to church.

Some men become bald quite early in life, while others die and have their wills offered for probate before their heirs fall out.

A peasant has just died in Austria-Hungary who was 142 years of age. He left a son aged 115 years and a grandson eighty-five.

The demand in the London market for Eastern lilies has become so great that lily growing has become a great industry in Bermuda.

A Chicago editor says to the women's convention: "It is women who hunt down an erring sister, and who promptly forgive an erring man."

The late Eugene Rimmel, the London perfumer, left an estate valued at $100,000,000. He evidently knew how to make dollars and scents.

The highest recorded balloon ascent was by Giashier and Coxwell from Welverhampton, England, on September 5, 1862. They rose to the height of seven miles.

A man in National City, Cal., has been arrested for publicly wearing on his back a card stating that another person had refused to pay him a debt of $150.

There are 28,000,000 shad eggs to the quart. Now, then, if a shad and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many—but why go on? The reader can finish it.

Never in your dress, says Lord Lytton, altogether desert that taste which is general. The world considers eccentsicity in great things genius; in small things folly.

Two members of a Brooklyn church were recently caught kissing each other on a street corner after choir rehearsal. These delightful practices don't generally re-choir rehearsals.

A few days ago there lay at a pier in Brooklyn a ship havivg on her stern the name, "North American, Boston." Directly opposite, at a New York pier, lay the "South America, Boston."

An Indiana lawyer, who has been looking up the matter a little, finds that there are 800 dead laws on the statute books of that State, every one of which can be taken advantage of by a smart lawyer.

A Vermont man who moved out to Illinois several years ago, took a trip back last month just to get an old-fashioned doughnut made by his mother. When he got it he found it just like any other, and a little poorer than his own wife made.

The Zilvern Kruis, the first Dutch man-of-war to enter the Golden Gate in fifteen years, is lying off San Francisco. She is a training ship, on her way to Japan, China, and the Dutch colonies in India, where she will make a prolonged stay.

Olive Logan's Advice to Girls.

A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking take his arm instead of his taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to "hands off." He may not like it at first, he will respect you in the future tenfold more. Men will be and do just what woman allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he was not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few more words of advice and I close. Keep your girls off the street except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the post office every time they go out. Your girls can walk home alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instil into their very nature that they are safer in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted.